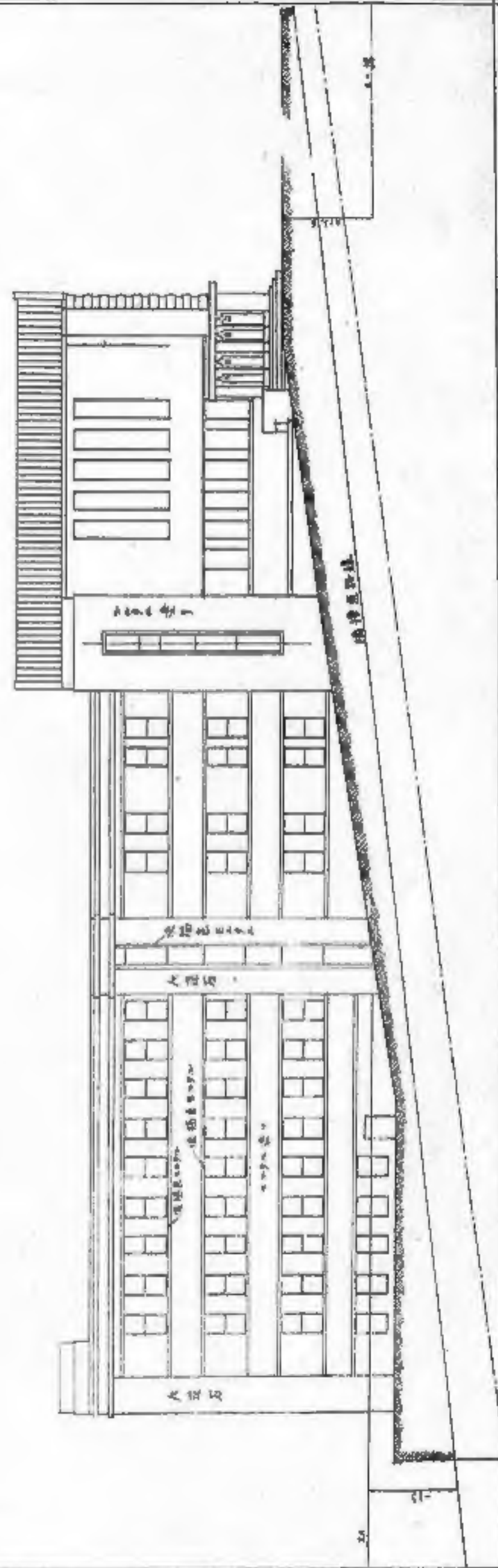
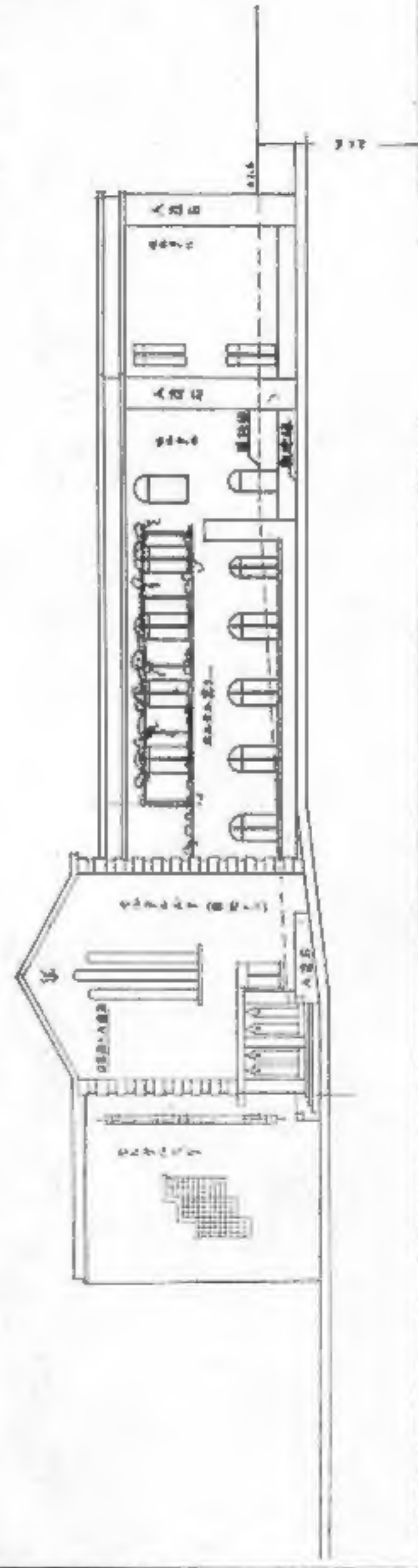


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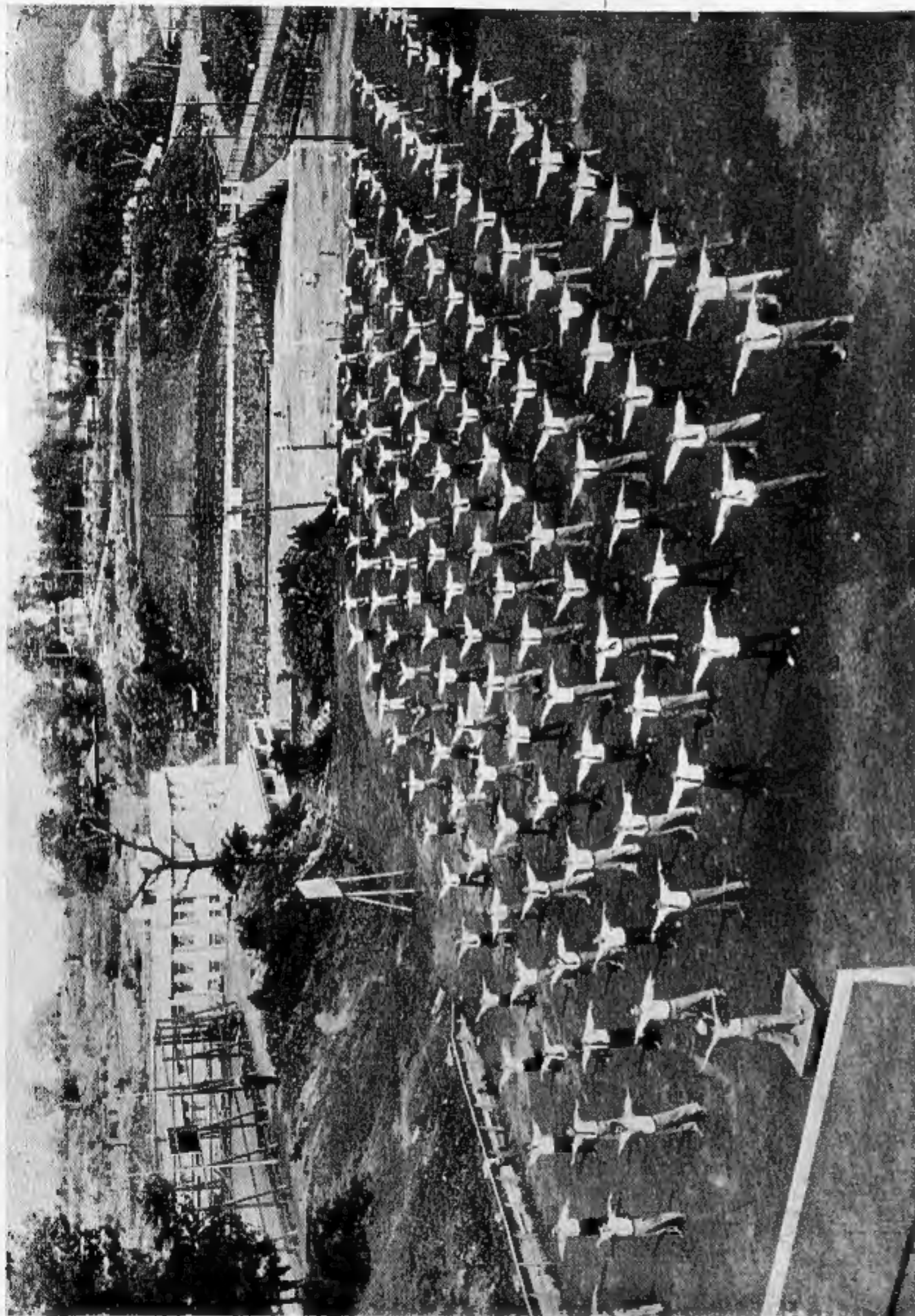
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Campus and Culture

George Meinzinger

WHEN far back in 490 B.C. the iron-bound Athenian youth Phidippides ran the original Marathon of 150 miles to Sparta and then, tried to outdo himself and run 22 miles more with the fatigue of battle on him, he perished indeed when his course was run but set an enviable record for us less hardy folks of modern times. And tho his name is not-so freely spoken, his memory is anyhow kept alive by the long-distance runners of the world who try to rival his prowess and endurance in the celebrated marathon runs.

What set us thinking about Phidippides and his altitudinous record is our own field day. This annual panathlon—rather athletic jubilee or carnival to us observers—has come and gone. Like all by-past events of this sort it left its impress both upon our college life and upon the minds of our young men. It had too

high a relief over the everyday humdrum work of the school-bench as to fail of doing what all intense enterprise, whether physical or mental or moral, effects viz: far reaching consequences and a lasting impression upon the memory. The lads had gone into the long preparatory training with their usual wholeheartedness; they had succeeded in getting set for some races and eliminated from others; they had singled out their prizes—among the many that numerous friends of ours had furnished to rouse emulation; and finally they had belted up and undergone the ordeal—the long, hard, olympic May 31. And now it is all a memory.

But it is a green one. We sidelines have still got the taste of it, as it were, in our mouths. On that well-packed day, there was a big educational idea acted out while our young collegians were hard at it dashing and sprinting and polevaulting and shot-putting and what not.

True, on the face of it, the whole bustling business seemed a huge trifle. Yet this was a case, if ever, of *vive la bagatelle*; for here was a trifle with an all-important phase to it—the one of physical culture. Youth, like water, has got to run or spoil, and on that field-day of ours we were not disappointed.

There is the frayed saying that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Of course, the simple conversion of that proposition can also bear a weight of homely comment, but let it pass. There is not a teacher in all the world but knows that Jack generally, and with manifest partiality, inclines rather to the first term of the simple conversion than to the second term of the original proposition. This is providential, for a young man's physique must develop properly if he is to attain the ideal of a sane mind in a sound body. And so it is natural for recreative games and sports to play a preponderating rôle, tho not by far an exclusive one, in the lives of toddlers and teeners with the grinding field events reserved for the more mature youths. This is more than natural—it is an imperious necessity and a school-system that excludes or frowns upon moderated athletics is not doing its duty towards the physical education of its young folks. "Primum vivere, deinde philosophare,"—we have got to live first and then only can we philosophize.

Of course, there must be moderation. As old Horace says: "The shame is not in having sported, but in not having broken off the sport." Moderation is one of the big laws of life and without it, even "the rich advantage of good exercise" becomes

an abuse and defeats its own purpose by doing more harm than good. The which is but saying that sports should really recreate; and they cease doing so when we begin mistaking them for an end whereas they are but a means. The intemperate sportsmen prefer a short life but a merry one; contrariwise, those who indulge in sports, yet so as to observe the golden mean, double or treble their chances of a long life and a useful one. This has been proven from observation and experience. The eminent Dr. James Walsh has recently published an illuminating article on *Keeping Fit* and he therein exemplifies this proved contention that the young men who never leave off their sports stay young because "the years forget to harden their arteries." The Doctor adduces the examples of several septuagenarians and octogenarians who were sports right to the end. Let one, that of Charles Waterton the English explorer, suffice: He died at 83 of an accident. One day when in his 79th year, while he was frolicking on his lawn with some friends, he made a 15 yd. run and cleared a stout-wire fence 3' 6" high. This is only one instance of the enduring beneficial effects of the right sort of physical culture.

There is, however, an effect more transcendental and which properly constitutes the big side of the trifle of sporting: it is the moral influence that a well-regulated sport-life exerts upon the character of the young collegian. First of all it was noted on field-day that the majority of the prize-winners were not the tail-enders in their studies; and even if the reverse had been true the sports would not be to blame for all that.

It seems reasonable to look for a connection as much between an alert brain and a healthy physique as between a dull brain and an inactive body. There is no use trying to fix an iron-clad rule according to which prizewinning athletes must necessarily be prizewinning students and vice versa. But it does seem justifiable to hold that a young man who keeps physically fit thru a wisely-planned course of athletics should have decided advantages over the non-athletic student when there is question of that alertness of mind which is so necessary for successful studies. This much only for the physiological reason there is to defend the cause of athletics; and this reason is the lowest in the scale of influences exerted by sport activities.

The moral influences are infinitely superior. And as for these, it is universally known that a well-ordered sport life makes for two invaluable, intimately associated assets of character: cleanness and will-power.

We have hinted at the outset that good sports protect a young man's moral health when we said that youth, like water, has got to run or spoil. Athletics (not the abuse of athletics) are often the young man's only asceticism in aid of keeping rottenness out of his soul. They are his ordinary bulwark against the demons of idleness and evil company while often they prove an effective antiseptic in case evil has begun to foul his heart. The hot blood of adolescence must be cooled either by the satisfaction of the illicit cravings of passion or by the easy and innocent discipline of physical "striving for the mastery." The best outlet for the overplus of animal heat stored away in the young man's system is the college campus. It is there

he covers himself with dust and glory, and altho it is there he more immediately exemplifies the truth of the old classical sample "*corpora iuvenum labore firmantur*," it is there too that he shields his innocence and ministers indirectly to the health of his soul.

Finally, sports develop will-power. That is the highest praise we can bestow upon them and it is legitimate. Of course, there are cases in which sports do not develop the will but that again is not to be ascribed to the sports but rather to the individual sportsman. A man's will is his moral power-plant, the pearl of great price of his divinely-endowed soul and, for the greatest part, the arbiter of his destiny. Whatever tends therefore to perfect this most precious talent bears its own brief for excellence.

And moderated athletics do precisely this thing. They develop will-power *directly* for, in all their manifold variety, they are one big try from start to finish; and we know *effort* is the material on which will-power feeds, the flesh and bone out of which every great personality is made. Athletics develop will-power *indirectly* because they provide the plentiful opportunities that exercise it. One needs will-power not to abuse these very sports, to begin with; one needs it also to be unflinchingly fair and chivalrously courteous when fortune is contrary, and a rival is bearing off the palm; one needs it to keep down temper and to oust resentment or vengefulness; one needs will-power in short, as the men of the games themselves phrase it "to be a sport," by which they mean an ensemble of manly traits that approximate the knight to the campus to the knight of the battle-field;

cleanness, fairness, courage, generosity and all they severally imply. No wonder Phidippides was more than a plain athlete once he was as much as that; he was a highborn patriot and a hero, and who can say how much his patriotism and heroism were cultured and conditioned—the not caused—by his love for the heartening discipline of the old olympian stadium. There were many young athletes of the recent World War who emulated the Grecian's example of patriotism nor did they fall far short of their glorious precursor insofar as they too laid down their brisk young lives for their country.

Such is our modest defense of the campus; such are some of the reasons for its being an essential part of the

S.J.C. educational organism. If the big Quake-Fire had not occurred, our Greater S. J. College ideal, with its spacious campus in the fore of the plan, would now be near realization. As it is, our long-cherished playground project lies in the uncertain future, while a poor miserable makeshift is made to minister to the lofty cause of athletic knighthood. Let those among us who still have our gay young hearts and who hope never to turn old fogies because we have danced and sported in our youth, and who still love the grind of the campus for the great good it will accomplish in the lives of our young wards,—let us help along in the laying of a broad and beautiful campus as this will help in laying a broader and manlier culture.

The Saviour of Oshima

F. G. Clarke '27

EVERY traveler that has journeyed through the Inland Sea has been struck by the calm serenity of the numerous islands that repose on its bosom. All have been impressed by their bewitching beauty and grandeur but few ever dream that with all their reposeful tranquillity they were once the scenes of dreadful warfare involving all the realms of the Rising Sun.

"To arms! To arms! Woe to the hand that would defile the sacred name of our liege and Emperor!" This was the cry that made the islands ring with the din of strife. This was the call to dauntless hearts, the soul-inspiring battle-cry of a mighty people thrilled with the defense of the right, thundering defiance to

the mainland across the shimmering expanse.

Towards the beginning of the latter half of the nineteenth century the great daimyos were at the height of their power and the sovereign at Kyoto but an empty figure-head. An all-powerful monarch had risen on the political horizon and he completely eclipsed the reigning prince. Japan bowed its head to the usurper. All but the islanders of the Inland Sea acknowledged this mighty Daimyo. They alone stood braving any sacrifice to sponsor the right, and the New Sun beholding the puny creature show its tiny sting set all his teeming adherents to crush its head.

Thus on a certain summer morning of the year 1858 the Islanders stood armed and prepared on the shoreline of the island of Oshima, for this was the stronghold in which half of their forces had gathered. Clad in the picturesque array of the knights of old Japan with their heavy swords and powerful bows they were a formidable body though sadly disproportionate in number to the overwhelming hosts that were to meet them. The second half of the Island army was still due as the defenders gazed with determined but anxious glances at the slowly approaching armada of the enemy frigates which swooped towards the watchers with all the clumsy reel of over-confident birds. True the attack had begun sooner than expected, but what of it? Were they to allow these cowardly mainland dogs whose very approach breathed over-confidence and unpreparedness to ruin their hearths and homes? No! Not while a single arm remained to check the charge of these foul traitors false to their lord and flag!

"To arms! To arms! Death to the invaders!" Such the shout with which they defied the foe. The frigates had already anchored and were discharging masses of armed men into the trailer boats. Gradually an innumerable flotilla had collected bristling with the mainland soldiery. Then in parallel formation the flotilla slowly advanced upon the shore with bowmen erect in the prows. When the boats had crept to within a hundred yards, Teijiro, son of the island chieftain and drummer boy sounded the battle rally. A mighty yell! The answering cry! They rent the atmosphere in quick succession, and a forest of naked arms with flashing swords glittered all along the

shore. The signal was given and the battle was on. Bows twanged and arrows flew, but the boats steadily bore down. Fifty yards! Large gaps began to appear in the crowded attacking boats. The island archers were doing their work well. Twenty-five yards and the hostile vessel were nearing with redoubled speed. The hail of arrows had dwindled, and the defenders a short way in shallow water awaited the foe. Here they come! The keels grate against the sandy bottom. The mainlanders make haste to leap out but the others are too nimble for them. Each boatload within reach is mercilessly dispatched. The fight thickens and the carnage continues. The sea is incarnadine, but not a boat has effected a landing. The iron resistance of sturdy arms raised in defense of hearth and home proves too much for them. What now of the arrogant invaders! Where was their boasted confidence! It had melted, and the vessels fortunate enough to bring up the rear seeing the fate of their predecessors retraced their course and fled like cowed dogs. Woe betide the invader! Heaven guard the cause of justice!

The day wore on when the lookout of the shore-tower scanning the horizon spied vessels, with a black film behind them. They were three battleships, the first the East ever saw. When these floating forts had come within three hundred yards the shore defenders heard a deafening boom and a fair splash occurred twenty yards from them. The islanders grew uneasy. They were brave but this was the first time they had ever beheld such sea-monsters. Another report and a ball from the primitive cannon took the roof off a nearby house and partially demolished it. The island chieftains held

counsel. This would not do. It was madness for them to stay there any longer, for there was no telling what the devilish contraptions might wreck. Accordingly the island warriors retired to the hills.

By evening the defenders were encamped upon the heights, with an enormous body of mainland troops ready in the valley below. Then began the devastation of the once prosperous village, and the leaping flames of burning dwellings glared with a lurid glow on the watchers above to fan the fire of vengeance in their hearts. Soon the attacking horde began to swarm up the steep ascents and a furious struggle raged under the cover of darkness. Outnumbered ten to one the patriots fought with desperate bravery repelling the onslaughts again and again. The hills were their refuge and they still dominated them. If they lasted till morning reinforcements would arrive and victory was assured. Of a sudden the attacks subsided, and the solitude that reigned for the next two hours was ominous of lurking danger.

A secret pathway led shorewards from the rear face of these bluffs and terminated in a cave on the flank of the enemy below. A party of twenty scouts including Teijiro the drummer boy were stealthily traversing it to spy on the enemy manoeuvres. What dread irony of fate! At that very moment a mainland leader well acquainted with the secret passage, with a goodly cohort of soldiers had penetrated it, intent on a surprise attack. Thus when the scouting party had come to the place where the passage-way dove into a tunnel they discerned a number of swinging lights

ahead, and heard the clank of moving armor.

"Halt!" breathed the scout leader. "The foemen advances. Defend the passage with the last drop of blood in your veins. Our cause is lost if they gain free access. Ready!" Like the true patriots that they were they stepped into the mouth of certain death unflinching and unafraid. No price was too dear for their stainless honor! No sacrifice too great for right's noble cause! The whizz of arrows, the thud of scurrying feet, the clash of ringing steel and the unequal combat was on. But what of Teijiro the drummer boy? He was running as fleetly as a scared doe over the stony ground. To flee? Never! Straight to the giant bell of the temple hidden in the towering firs. Boom! Boom! Boom! The woodlands rang with the signal of danger as his energetic arms banged the suspended log against the monstrous bell. A sharp twang, an ominous whizz and a cruel messenger of death had fixed itself in the lad's back. A mainland arrow had found its mark, and the brave boy sank on the cold stone whilst his heroic spirit went to abide forever with his forefathers. But the alarm was given and Teijiro had expired—the Saviour of Oshima.

Three score years and more have fled across the scene of strife and once more in calm serenity repose the beautiful islands on the bosom of the Inland Sea. The cherished cause was won, and right had triumphed, but to this day the old hearths are eloquent with the tale of Teijiro, the Saviour of Oshima's courage and sacrifice.

The Commonplace Beauty of Japan

William Fehlen '27

HOW beautiful Japan is! For the laughing springs, the leaping brooks, the gorgeous trees, the magnificent temples, the dainty gardens, and all the other commonplace beauties of Japan are among the most charming in all the wide world.

A ride through the streets of Yokohama on a Japanese rikisha, will show you the marvelous beauty of the Japanese costumes. The harmoniously colored kimonos, dotted here and there with elegant flowers, the showy and sportive getas, and the fantastic head-gears will attract you very much. But before seeing such things, you may be passing through groves of bamboo about thirty feet in height, forming a green canopy over the winding country roads, the giant grass blades bobbing about in the soft breezes. The air here is cool and clear, and in these sheltered groves the uguisu and many other feathered warblers, sing their sweet homeland songs.

But greater will be your delight, when you come to a Japanese lake surrounded with cherry-trees in full blossom. And, of a moonlight night, when you see little petals flicker to the dim-lit ground, you will experience a delight that words can hardly depict. When the moon reflects its pale light upon the greenish water of the placid lake on whose bosom flocks of wild duck idly ride about, while you drink in the soothing scenery from a supereminent teahouse, you will have the delight of your life.

On entering the minutely-carved gate, (omon) of a Japanese garden you will find a narrow serpentine path leading to the large entrance of the beautiful bungalow. This generally has a heavily thatched roof and its many paper doors slide in grooves instead of swinging on hinges. On both sides of the house are famous midget pine-trees. They are the very contortionists of the tree world. Nor will one fail to notice the grotesque toros or sacred lanterns. To the rear of the garden, lies the beautiful pond artistically arranged, with a gracefully curved bridge over its surface, covered with huge green leaves, and the pinkish flowers of the lotus. On one of its borders grows the purple wistaria that droops its branches like the weeping willow. In a corner of the garden under a beautiful shed grow the multifarious chrysanthemum. Some are red, others are yellow, some are pink and yet others are of delicate hues that can scarce be catalogued.

From north to south, from east to west, and then across, you will see that Japan is a land most beautiful. Take Nara, with its lanterned avenues, its cryptomeria groves, its tame-deer park, its collection of picturesque temples. Then there is Kyoto, where you will see the greatest number of beautiful temples and parks in all Japan. Here Japanese art and craftsmanship are at their best. Nikko too, where nature and art have created a masterpiece—the gorgeous suginokis and the gigantic waterfalls, in a lovely valley in the midst of superb moun-

tain scenery. Then Kamakura where the buddha sits already for four hundred years and right nearby the shimmering sea. There are many other places which will produce an indescribable impression on your mind. These are some of the fascinating landscapes of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Perhaps the most enchanting

thrill you will experience, will be Kyoto, the heart of Japanese lore. Just as the sun is sinking in the west and the mantle of night begins to clothe the land, the huge bells of the temples awaken echoes in the distant mountains. They seem to say to everyone in a strident voice: Wake! Wake! for you are walking in wonderland.

Lake Biwa

Clifford Price '28

BIWA-KO is a Japanese word which translated signifies "Lake Guitar." This picturesque title owes its origin to the unique resemblance of this magnificent sheet of water to the narrow part of a guitar represented by the lake's northern portion, whilst the broadened expanse of its southern side may be likened to the body of the same musical instrument.

Following the uncertain path of tradition and legend, the peasants who inhabit the fertile lands around this wide body of water, will always insist that the lake was formed suddenly one sultry night when the rain clouds hung low, heavy with moisture, portending approaching disaster.

These signs forboded a severe earthquake which caused the once great plain to subside and form the lake, and correspondingly to cause the birth of Mt. Fuji from the bowels of the earth. This double phenomenon took place in B. C. 286. Leaving aside this doubtful tradition all will agree that these two beautiful creations stand forth as the most picturesque masterpieces of nature found in this Land of Scenic Beauty.

On a clear day, when not a cloud obscures the sky, nor a breeze encroaches upon the stillness of the air, Lake Biwa and its surrounding mountains will lie clear and soft, wrapt in a shimmering azure veil of delicate haze; and this makes the peculiar charm of this region. The towering and rocky islands rising abruptly from the depths of the limpid water are an added enchantment of this beautiful landscape.

None of the islands are large in area, although the biggest, Okushima, towers 440 meters. Not a spot of vegetation shows on its rocky form to relieve the drab hues of the grey volcanic pile, a grim memorial of past terrestrial disturbances.

The only outlet Lake Biwa has, is at the farthest point on the southern side; here the lake feeds a wide stream which courses into the Bay of Osaka.

About the 16th century, following the example of the Chinese Emperor who gave official cognizance to certain scenic spots on the borders of Lake Tung-ting, Konoie Masanori, then the Prime Minister of Japan and his son Hisamichi selected the "eight

beautiful sights" of the lake. Starting from the northern side is the view of the "Evening Snow on Mt. Hira," the highest peak in the range which trails along the lake's western shore. A bewitching sight is revealed in the rosy glow reflected by the snow clad mountain as the setting sun casts its dying rays upon it.

The second "Sight" is framed when a flock of geese fly over the bleached sands of the little peninsula of Kattata stretching out in a white streak into the deep blue of the lake.

At Karasaki, a pine of venerable age, stretches its gaunt and shaggy limbs over the cobalt depths from a precipitous bank. It is the largest pine in the world, not in regard to its height, but in the extent of its spreading branches which cover an area eighty feet on all sides of its enormous trunk; and this has a girth of thirty feet. The waving boughs sweep down in graceful curves over the clear waters, suggesting an air of uncertain depth. The raindrops dripping thru the dense foliage, in musical cadence upon the surface of the lake, during the night, most agreeably lulls the senses. This peculiar phenomenon is known thruout Japan as the "Night Rain at Karasaki."

On a flat floor in the valley of Hiei repose the vast grounds of the Mii-dera, the temple of the supreme god of the Buddhists, and which is also the seat of the Tendai Sect. Within this temple hangs a gigantic bell of nationwide fame. On a quiet evening the giant bell will toll out its monosyllabic hymn when the sun sets behind Mt. Hiei, the guardian of the valley and which will entrance the passing wayfarer with the dignity of its chimes. To understand why this is considered one of the eight sights we are reminded of the inspiring

'Hokku' or saying of Bassho "Though mists hide Omi's Beauties seven, Mii-dera's bell will be heard in heaven."

Upon a clear summer day, when the sunshine dazzles the eye, a silvery sheen shimmers across the view of the immense plain of Awazu as each breath of the merry zephyrs sways the long blades of grass, covering the plain. This is called the fourth sight of Lake Biwa named the "Sunshine with a Breeze at Awazu."

The gently lapping waters of the lake which reflect the flaming orange of the setting sun upon the lacquered balustrades of the arched bridge which spans the indentation of the lake at Seta, furnishes the next wonder, termed the "Evening Glow at Seta."

Within the precincts of the majestic Ishiyama temple, along the maple bordered avenue stands the 'Kwange-tei' (moon-viewing arbor) with its snow-white pendants of blooming wistarias. On all sides abound grotesque lava rocks. From here, a wonderful panorama unrolls itself before the eye. The lake extends to the limit of one's view; its sparkling waters bordered by green meadows and sloping hills, and far in the background amidst the purple mists rise up the dim outlines of the mountains. Here and there groups of white sails cast their images upon the crystal depths. They are the fishing fleets.

The watcher when he stands here again in the darkening twilight, gazes in wrapt wonder as the round red harvest moon ascends in all her glory, to take her place in the starry heavens. Her guiding beam enables the returning fishermen to see their way back to Yabase. This constitutes the last of the eight famous spots along the Lake:—the lake that might justly be compared in regard to beauty to Lake Geneva.

FRANÇAIS

LES TEMPLES JAPONAIS

Alex Neary '28

Les temples japonais sont très différents de nos églises. D'abord on distingue les temples shintoïstes ou jinja, et les temples bouddhistes ou tera. Les premiers ont toujours à l'entrée un *torii* ou portique. Ce *torii* se compose de deux colonnes dont les parties supérieures sont reliées par une double traverse. Les tera n'ont pas de *torii*. Jinja et tera ressemblent à un petit parc avec par-ci, par-là un toit sortant du milieu de la verdure. Chacune de ces constructions est un temple. Les détails et les décorations varient à l'infini suivant la secte à laquelle le temple se rattache, mais la forme générale est la même pour tous les temples. Partout le plancher est couvert de nattes et généralement la même odeur de vieux et de moisi y est répandue. On n'y trouve pas de chaises, mais les bonzes s'accroupissent sur les talons, au lieu de s'agenouiller ou de s'asseoir. Tous les temples sont en bois, avec un toit très lourd soutenu par des colonnes en bois. Ces colonnes sont de couleur brune et tout l'intérieur du temple est sombre et mystérieux. Point de place pour des milliers de fidèles mais pour une cinquantaine au plus. Aussi les jours de fête les fidèles n'entrent point, mais ils restent devant la porte ouverte, frappent dans les

maines pour appeler la divinité, s'inclinent un moment, puis s'en vont.

A l'intérieur les décorations varient également. Dans quelques endroits il y a une sorte d'autel, mais couvert de tant d'objets hétéroclites, qu'on prendrait le temple pour un magasin d'antiquités et le bonze pour un marchand de vieilleries. Ailleurs c'est un miroir au fond d'une salle sombre. Dans quelques temples un bouddha gigantesque remplit presque tout l'édifice. Plus rarement on voit un immense brazier au centre d'un temple. Dix bonzes autour du feu récitent leurs prières. Parfois un simple écran, ou un rideau cache la moitié de la salle. L'esprit de quelque grand homme ou bien la divinité locale est sensée résider derrière cet écran.

Tout cela n'attirerait pas trop le peuple, il lui faut quelque chose de plus prenant. C'est que toujours ces temples sont situés dans des endroits pittoresques se prêtant admirablement à des pique-niques au milieu d'une forêt de cerisiers ou de pruniers. Tout autour du temple, des magasins où l'on peut acheter souvenirs sacrés et profanes. Ainsi les jours de congé, ce peuple marchand, grand amateur de beaux sites, fait en même temps, pèlerinage, excursion et commerce lucratif.

Le Mont Fuji

James Henry '28

Ici chacun connaît le Fuji, car pour beaucoup c'est une sorte de divinité. Dans le monde entier on l'étudie comme la plus haute montagne du Japon, mais plus d'un ignore pourquoi il tient tant de place dans le cœur des Japonais. C'est que c'est une montagne incomparable, unique, et à nulle autre pareille.

Ce cône immense s'élève tout d'une pièce de la plaine, et aucun col ne le relie à d'autres montagnes. Aussi cette masse régulière, de près de quatre mille mètres de hauteur frappe-t-elle la vue et imprime dans la mémoire un souvenir inoubliable. D'un autre côté, si la forme du Fuji reste toujours la même, l'aspect en change non seulement d'un jour à l'autre mais parfois d'une heure à l'autre.

En hiver, un manteau blanc couvre le Fuji du pied au sommet. Le matin, au lever du soleil, il est d'une beauté étincelante, car les rayons du soleil lui donnent une teinte pourpre, rose ou violette du plus bel effet. Quelques heures après, il disparaît complètement sous un voile de brouillard pour réapparaître dans l'après-midi avec un nuage qui semble accroché au sommet comme un crêpe blanc. C'est la tempête de neige qui fait rage là-haut. Depuis un mois la montagne change d'aspect.

Alors qu'au mois d'avril le Fuji était tout blanc, comme un vaste linceul suspendu au ciel par un coin, il est en train de noircir par la base. La neige fond de plus en plus et l'aspect noir et gris des cendres volcaniques gagne tous les jours du

terrain. Dans un mois c'en sera fait de la coiffe blanche qui couvre encore le sommet. Alors quelques bavures blanches seules, au fond des ravins, le long de la pente, serviront à orner ce cône un peu trop régulier. Même en été le Fuji ne se montre pas tous les jours et je connais un jeune enthousiaste qui, plus d'une fois, a gravi une montagne à cinq heures du matin pour jouir de la vue du Fuji au soleil levant. Le Fuji était entièrement caché par les nuages; bien des fois il montra seulement la tête, dominant de toute sa hauteur les nuages trop lourds pour atteindre le sommet. Quelquefois aussi seul le piédestal, d'une largeur qui semble démesurée, est découvert et le touriste ou le voyageur pressé passe à Gotemba sans voir et parfois sans soupçonner que le Fuji, l'incomparable Fuji, est là tout à côté de la voie ferrée.

Des pèlerins, venus de tous les coins du Japon pour faire l'ascension de la montagne sacrée et jouir d'un spectacle unique, satisfont leur dévotion mais pas toujours leur curiosité.

Enfin le Fuji, comme un grand monarque, ne reçoit pas tous les jours. Pendant un mois seulement on peut y monter sans grand danger. Juillet présente le plus de commodité et le moins de danger. Le reste de l'année guides ou porteurs sont introuvables. Même pendant le mois favorable le Fuji a de ces mouvements de colère, tempêtes, orages, qui forcent les ascensionnistes à suspendre leur marche et à s'abriter où ils peuvent pour ne pas augmenter le nombre des victimes de cette mystérieuse montagne.

Le paysan et ses chevaux

John Mutow '28

Quand j'étais encore tout petit ma grand'mère me racontait souvent des histoires. En voici une entre mille qui s'est profondément gravée dans ma mémoire.

Un fermier très riche, mais peu intelligent se rendit un jour en ville pour acheter quelques chevaux. Arrivé au marché il s'aperçoit que les prix sont très bas et qu'il a une magnifique occasion pour acheter à bon compte. Aussi au lieu de prendre cinq chevaux, comme il se l'était proposé, c'est le double qu'il achète. Le prix convenu payé, notre brave paysan s'appête à reprendre le chemin de sa ferme.

Quand on a dix chevaux à quoi bon aller à pied. Notre bonhomme monte sur un des chevaux, derrière lui. En chemin il songe à la bonne affaire qu'il vient de conclure, au joli bénéfice qu'il va faire et à l'estime que ce petit coup ne va pas manquer de lui attirer. Tout à coup il sort de sa rêverie et se retourne pour compter les chevaux. "Un, deux, trois... neuf." Mille sabres de bois! Il y en a un qui manque."— Le paysan compte et recompte, il ne trouve plus que neuf chevaux. Furieux il retourne au marché, descend

de cheval et ne tarde pas à retrouver le maquignon. Celui-ci va avec le villageois compter les chevaux et tous deux retrouvent le chiffre exact. Il ne reste plus au paysan ahuri qu'à rentrer chez lui avec ses bêtes. C'est ce qu'il fait. A quinze minutes de sa maison il se retourne pour voir si tous les chevaux sont là. — "Mille tonnerres!" de nouveau il n'en trouve que neuf. Retourner au marché il ne l'ose, et le cacher à sa femme il ne le peut. Aussi, triste et découragé d'avoir perdu un cheval, il s'approche de la ferme.

Du plus loin qu'il voit sa femme il lui communique la mauvaise nouvelle.

—Comment, tu dis que tu n'as plus que neuf chevaux?

—Oui, un de moins que je n'en avais en quittant le marché.

—Tu as bien compté? Compte voir encore une fois.

—Deux, quatre...huit, neuf., tu vois bien il n'y en a que neuf.

—Que tu es sot, mon mari, que tu es sot. Et celui que tu montes...

Notre fermier avait oublié de compter le cheval qui l'avait porté de la ville jusqu'à sa ferme.



MY HOPES AND FEARS

I looked upon the radiant land,
In the golden flush of day,
But soon the shades of twilight fell,
And all, in darkness lay.

I gazed upon a winding brook,
I heard its gladsome murmur,
A little way beyond the nook,
It was a mighty river.

I looked upon a lovely bud,
In all the charm of May,
When summer reigned that tender bloom,
Had withered in decay.

I spied a hairy little worm,
An ugly form to eye,
But next it fluttered in the air,
A gorgeous butterfly.

I scanned the ocean grand and free,
A gleaming sheet of blue,
A tempest swept her placid breast,
And giant billows grew.

And thus I wondered how my bark,
Would ride life's stormy sea,
Would glorious bliss or raging storms,
The tides of time decree?

'Tis oft I dwell in future years,
And voice my soul's appeal,
For who on earth has not a dream
To grace his high ideal.

And still I raise my wistful gaze,
With mingled hopes and fears,
To see the smiles that wreath my way,
And if perchance its tears.

Will bright elysian prospects dawn
To greet the new-born day?
Or will a jagged mountain loom
To fling its dark dismay?

Where will I stand in days to come?
Will all my dreams come true?
But time that old and silent sage,
Still hides her grand review.

And then there dawned a golden ray,
A ray of light and love,
That thru the gloom did flare on high,
And kissed a flag above.

Which bore the gilded bright ensign,
In stars of hope inlaid:
"Act well to-day and trust the Hand,
That guides life's swift parade.

F. G. Clarke '27

NYUBAI

I dreamt I dwelt in fairyland
 Of sunshine, joy, and flowers,
 Where spring had wrought her rare delights
 Within the fragrant bowers.
 I woke to find the dreary earth
 All drenched with constant showers;
 Where not a beam of sunlight shone,
 Throughout the gloomy hours.

I slept and dreamt of gorgeous trees
 That decked the smiling hills,
 Where warblers sang their blithesome notes
 So fill the air with thrills,
 I woke and rubbed my startled eyes
 To see the gorgeous trees,
 I found the withered rotten stumps
 Devoid of all their leaves.

I moved in realms of paradise
 In wondrous charms arrayed,
 Where lovely blossoms on the meads
 A thousands hues portrayed.
 Alas! for airy visions grand—
 They dwell in glorious dreams;
 The frowning skies her torrents poured
 In sheets and mighty streams.

Albert Dresser '27

MEMOIR OF KAMAKURA

The glorious orb of day descends,
 Beyond the sombre realm of pines,
 Now hushed and weird the twilight falls,
 And with her spell the soul entwines.

Fast fade the landscape's, myriad dyes,
 And earth and sky seem merged awhile,
 Save where on yonder ancient mount,
 A temple casts her grand profile.



How vast and deep the stillness reigns,
 For Nature throbs her softest tunes,
 But hark! the boom that echoes far
 Now rings, then swells and still it ceases.

'Tis strange those bells they stir the soul,
 And like a long-lost voice recalls,
 Those valiant hearts in days of yore,
 That time in mystic fame enthralls.

Between the hallowed age-old pines,
 The past reviews her dim parade,
 And like the transient day unveils,
 Her glories soon to sleep and fade.

Ernest J. Breen '27

SCENIC SPLendor

Enthralled by walls of verdant pines,
 Where sobbing breezes weep;
 Begirt with vines and ferns arrayed,
 A limpid lake doth sleep.

The silver mirror shines and gleams
 And casts its crystal light,
 And now the moon's embosomed there:
 Oh! What a glorious sight!

List to the sigh of the night wind's song
 As soft it fans the lake,
 Gaze on where breeze and water meet
 And watch the ripples break.

Now one by one they curl and flow
 In lispings melody,
 Their mournful whispers soothe my heart
 With gentle harmony.

V. Kulikoff '27





M. Robert de Billy
Ambassadeur de France

Address by Monsieur R. de Billy, French

Ambassador Mes chers Enfants,

Mon coeur se réjouit de votre accueil et j'y vois la salutare influence de vos maitres. Combien de fois faut-il que l'hélice du bateau tourne avant que l'on arrive du Japon en France? C'est là un calcul que vous pourriez sans doute faire et cela donnerait un chiffre immense, ce que nous appelons un chiffre astronomique.

Mais ce qui est triste, ce n'est pas l'éloignement, ce n'est pas la distance, c'est l'absence, c'est-à-dire la suppression de tout ce qui faisait la vie, et le sentiment que là-bas la vie continue indifférente à votre départ.

Aussi quand je suis dans votre milieu si sympathique et que j'ai autour de moi des éducateurs désintéressés sauf pour le bien, et des enfants qui acceptent leurs enseignements parce qu'ils en comprennent la chaleur et la noble sincérité, je me retrouve aux jours de mon enfance dans ma vieille école dont les professeurs ont leurs noms gravés dans ma mémoire. — Mais je me souviens aussi que les longues phrases me semblaient pesantes et que j'étais reconnaissant à ceux qui écourtaient leurs sages propos. Je termine donc, mes chers enfants, en vous remerciant et en vous souhaitant de bonnes vacances.





Vladimir C. Kulikoff

VLADIMIR, our "grand homme" hails from the ice-bound regions of Siberia having first enriched the world with his sparkling personality in Cheata, a town on the southern frontier. Unlike the dignified and imperturbable personage he is to-day, I am informed that his childhood was particularly exciting, and lived amid turbulent scenes of the Russian Revolution. Schooling in such wild surroundings was a sheer impossibility, and soon our dashing Russian hero found himself at S. J. C. where his dormant intellectual capabilities had a brilliant *reveille*. With the acumen peculiar to his race he quickly familiarized himself with both strange languages; this and his sunny, breezy temperament soon won for him increasing popularity in school and sport.

At studies Vladimir shines in mathematics, for it is his to dumbfound his less favored comrades with his powerful reasoning abilities. As to the aptitude with which he has mastered English you have but to refer to the sporting columns of the Forward.

From his early days outdoor activities have had an irresistible attraction for his manly nature, and ever since his initial debut on the S. J. C. stage he has been noted for his physical prowess. He has developed into a formidable athlete and has justly proved himself the arm of reliance of the baseball, basketball, and football teams. Soccer is his middle name and if you want to sound his *point faible* just broach the cherished topic and you'll have to do the listening. "He doth bstride the narrow world," suits him to a T on the basketball court, and "we petty men" must give the Colossus wide berth when he gets going. And so we go into the pill-tossing fray with not a little trepidation lest some of our ill-fated opponents be brought home on a shutter. By a strange incongruity he has been nicknamed "Kulik" which stands for canary in his native tongue.

In everyday life "Kulik" is a jovial, sociable chap and well-groomed in the naive art of penetrating into the comic situations of life. He is a confirmed humorist and seldom fails to dissipate blue clouds whenever the Senior atmosphere is charged with them. "Kulik," despite his light-hearted disposition, is so constant a worker that he is now in a fair way of becoming an accomplished linguist; he handles Russian, English, and French with polished ease. When the Latin courses were introduced he was astonishingly prompt in distinguishing a bear from a rose. Japanese also claims a tiny share of his attention and it is delightful to hear him airily repeat *namaiki-ne* when a small "un" overstretchs the bounds of his patience. Another titled appellation which we append to this celebrity is "Pompei" so-called after the great general of Roman history. No wonder that his pet dream was to lead a dashing regiment of a hill-cavalry into the thick of battle, mounted on a high-spirited charger, although we have great doubts whether any mount could have survived the test. Happily his nobler ambitions do not lie in that direction; he rather feels the call to run a gigantic auto-plant with a peach of a limousine in which to course over the highways of life. Judging from his "smashing tactics" on the sporting campus his ambitions will be handsomely realized.



Frederick G. Clarke

IN a picturesque spot of the peninsula of Moji, a cute, little mischievous kiddo, some fifteen years past was parading his kimono in his father's garden; thus the curtain of memory rises upon our worthy's early life. Thereafter the usual number of boyish escapades figures to good advantage. On a memorable summer morning, when he had somehow lost his way up into a well-loaded fig-tree and had fallen to rapidly demolishing the juicy fruit, he was detected by his father and became suddenly conscious of being a cat in a strange garret. Unfortunately his customary nimbleness for once deserted him, and losing his balance, he crashed thru the branches in a headlong tumble to mother earth. Wherewith he cut his chin and could not eat comfortably for a long week; the which was the most deplorable part of the mishap.

Thus childhood with its rainbow of smiles and tears glided by and at last we meet him at the bottom of the scholastic ladder living in the light of Mr. Higli's benevolent smile. Joining the class of '27 he readily manifested his sparkling talents in every line, but he is principally distinguished as a literary scholar and an acute thinker. He occupies the enviable position of Editor-in-Chief of the Forward magazine, and does credit to that office. Already in the primary grades he showed a strong leaning towards poetry and arts in general. As a mouth-organist he has but few competitors, and often we spy him in an out-of-the-way corner, befriended by the darkness, playing his favorite tune to the inspiration of an exquisite Muse.

As for the lighter side of his nature, he is a merman and a dashing footballer. During the winter season he is a valuable asset to the soccer squad, whilst the summer finds him visiting beautiful Miyajima the paradise of bathing resorts. He loves the sea, and it is one of his heart's desires to sail the rolling mains and have a peep at the wide world. Notwithstanding the lengthy list of scenes he frequented in the Rising Sun, the shady walks of Omori exercise a marked attraction for him. Every such visit is followed by an exalted inspiration for a couple of emotional verses. A puzzle—yet who can solve it?

Now penetrating deeper into his personality we discover Fred to be of a very sensitive temperament, wherein every joy and sorrow is acutely felt. Among his intimates he can be very sociable but he prefers solitude. Solitude is a second nature with him. He fully realizes that the soul of a man has a world of sensation embosomed in its innermost depths and to retreat thither is a rare delight. He lives up to the old saying: "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." For a'l his reclusive traits one must not judge him too quickly, for he can be an admirable boon companion over an afternoon tea-cup, and engage in a lively interchange of the laughable reminiscences of eventful school-days.

Fred's ambition centers in commercial success, so as to enable him to bring his cherished schemes to realization for which aim he has our heartiest good wishes.



Wa Dai Loo

AS the glinting stars were being swallowed up by the morning's radiant sun Loo Wa Dai, our budding Cantonese hero, burst forth into this workaday world on Dec. 15, 1907. His fresh and vigorous youth was merrily spent in a Chinese school in Yamashita-cho where he terminated the primary course of his native tongue. Loo learned that natural abilities like plants need pruning and cultivation by study, and so he joined our local hotbed of learning, St. Joseph College, right after his graduation from the Chinese school.

His foundation as a Chinese scholar was a very solid one and thus facilitated the climbing of the ladder of his scholastic career.

As years rolled on, his popularity increased at the school and he was known to the boys as "Why Dai Loo." But unfortunately all his hopes were seemingly ruined when the great catastrophe of 1923 brought his happy scholastic career to a sudden halt. Loo, true to his country, fled at once to China where he visited many of its big cities. One of them was Canton which earned him the suitable and familiar name "Cantown." But Loo's old love for the College made him return at once to Japan in order to continue his scholastic career.

Loo like most of the others knows that time is money and is often heard saying in a vociferous tone "It's all the same. It's only a waste of time." Most of his holidays are spent at home where he puts his time to good use. Wa Dai practices typewriting more than anything else and his efforts have proved successful if we can judge from the way his fingers go up and down the keys with great speed and accuracy.

As to his future, we must say that he will make good for his ambition is to be a Doctor. And we all hope that in years to come his success as Dr. Loo Wa Dai of Canton will lead him to the discovery of a Wadien panacea that will win him the fame he so well deserves.





William A. Fehlen

IT was a beautiful spring morning with the sun shining bright and birdies chirping with delight when Grad Fehlen first put in his appearance. His early days were quickly passed among the fair hills of Kanagawa where he seems to have had intimate relation with the fairy kingdom. Time passed and soon schooldays were ushered into our hero's life.

The fairies receded, the curtain fell, and the bewildering light of a strange day shone with unwonted splendor. Thus, when we first greeted him on the thronging threshold of our Alma Mater he seemed to walk in a dreamy daze after his confusing descent from wonderland. But his was not the spirit to slumber for long. Enterprise! Activity! Life! All knocked and clamored at the unopened chambers of his intellect demanding attention, and soon our talented

hero was on his academic career with a leap and a bound. His fairy godmother had surely endowed him with diligence and constancy as her parting gifts, and aided by these invaluable attributes plus brilliant ability he is one of the outstanding luminaries of the class of '27 on the athletic and scholastic schedule. He belongs to the light-fingered brigade by which we mean to signify that he is an artist of the typing machine. It is known too, that he is one of the stellar point-getters on the school's fast quintet, where he is as elusive as only an elf can be. Willie loves basket-ball and it's simply baffling how his light graceful form trips through the tossing figures to perform the steps of the light fantastic swing with the baffling ease that is his. At any rate we are of the firm opinion that fairy godmothers do some good whenever they make their appearance!

Turning the binocular lens of our curiosity to penetrate his character we are doomed to bitter disappointment. For all his "camaraderie" and rollicking good nature he is still the closed chapter and the unsolved riddle that he was in those first years.

"Williermus" has also the dramatic knack or bump. The finished skill with which he impersonated the heroic prince in the Ruby Ring has won him imperishable renown. He is also an exquisite musician.

The ambition of this presiding genius has always tickled the inquisitive spot of his classmates, and when, after the most strategic manoeuvres had been exhausted to wrest the secret he finally conceded, "Engineer!" his frantic inquirers forthwith collapsed and decidedly agreed to give up their attempts in despair.

To wind up, Willie is a chap in a hundred, with a heart of gold, and a most friendly sympathy. If his scholastic career foreshadows his future, success will certainly crown his endeavors.





Ernest J. Breen

ONE morning in September 1926 a well dressed, tall young man stepped into the campus of St. Joseph College. His uneasy posture and inquiring attitude ascertained him to be a stranger among the crowd, but his appealing countenance lit up with an amicable smile soon got him acquainted with the bunch. And thus this youth was introduced to his new comrades as Ernest Breen. He has been showing thruout his college life, a disposition of the "Hail fellow, well met" type of jovial companionship, ready to be on friendly terms with all. Another trait which adds to his charm is the peculiar sense of humour he possesses, and which reveals itself time and again, in all sorts of places, often saving an embarrassing situation.

Ernest began his scholastic career at Kobe, Japan, where he first saw the light of day on the 25th, of May 1908. When he was

seven years of age he was sent to the English Mission School, but having a special dislike for studies, he was sent to the Canadian Academy, where he began to compete with his classmates. After having completed a greater part of his primary studies there, he was sent to St. Joseph College, where he exhibited a strong mechanical bent, with greater aptitude for study. In mathematics, geometry aroused his interest, and soon his intellectual surroundings showed that a sleeping giant had been awakened. He has also shown adroitness on the business side of his ability as has been testified by the management of the college Candy Stand of which he was in charge.

I do not know the beginning and the history of his popular name, but he was known to us thruout his stay by the noble name of "O'Brien."

Ernest has manifested great interest in all the sports and has equally exhibited quite an ability in manipulating them on the campus. Whenever he finds an opportunity during the recesses he is always eager to partake in the recreation, whatever it may be, basketball, baseball, football, or the like. He also has a fondness for boxing, and when the hot season approaches, O'Brien makes use of his tennis racket to keep himself alert. Besides this he has a big vacation joy in store for him and that is camping. He is often seen with his brothers departing from their sun-baked home to the breezy interior for a week or so of a fresh, open-air dwelling beneath the canopy of the pine trees. He loves to pitch his cosy tent in Nature's bosom, down below a solitary valley, environed by the green verdure of the wilderness, with a tripling, crystal rivulet flowing besides the canvas, and to sleep under the starry heavens, bathed in the soft, cool breeze of the summer's night.

O'Brien is known to have many hobbies, but music seems to charm most his gentle heart; picture him with a mandolin in hand, plucking a soft tune to the beautiful moon, or lying comfortably in his bed with soft blue smoke rising smoothly from his lips, while a Melba or MacCormick record beguiles the solitary hours of the night and brings relief from the cares of day.

Ernest makes his daily trip from a secluded villa in Kamakura, and is quite punctual, for every morning at 8 o'clock sharp O'Brien crosses the threshold of his class with serene contentment on his mien, and disturbs the morning meditations of the boarders with his cheerful "Good morning." His life's ambition, however, seems still to be vague, for whatever he finally picks up as his work, we all wish him the best of success.



Albert J. M. Dresser

IT was a gleaming summer world that first reflected its fair domains in the eyes of this paladin of the Jubilee class. Like so many luminaries, I presume that he could hardly behave in his cradle and would have manifested his inborn activity by hopping out had he not been tucked tight therein. Thus did the sun rise on our "ace's" existence, and judging from the above colorful presumption we must admit that his was a promising beginning, and did debuts foreshadow the future it would be enough to excite one to envy.

Thus the years swiftly danced bye, but high-spirited "A1" promptly danced along with them. At this stage you would have found our blithesome hero clad in hakama, and frolicking his merry way to the Konan primary school, situated in picturesque Sumiyoshi.

Those were wonderful days, and often he recalls them, detailing a glowing account of the rollicking times he had. His aptitude for athletics was as clear as daylight, for even then he was the initial relay runner that lapped the course and carried the baton of Konan to victory. His Japanese education completed, he was initiated in the English language at the English Mission School of Kobe.

After a brief stay there, he was introduced into the convivial S. J. C. atmosphere, and it was soon evident that a bright star had dawned on the College firmament. From the first days by his warm sociability, he won the hearts of all, and gained ever-increasing popularity. He is the very personification of the finished young "gent" not only as regards external appearances, but in his inner self. We are almost positive that if we shd back centuries and were in the middle ages he would make a knight not unworthy of Bayard and like him *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Launching in the athletic element, "A1's" sure a Spartan figure of the sporting limelight. He is a born sportsman and shines in practically all the games and tests on the school stadium. To give the bulky catalogue of his abilities and prowess is not my intention. Suffice it to say that he is the competent skipper and backbone of the soccer, baseball, basket-ball, and swimming teams. As to his form on the cinder track it has been conclusively proven that he is this year's star athlete and the holder of three school records.

Science and mathematics are plainly in his line and he shines best when the "trigs" or the science hour is in full swing. "Why worry" is his motto with which he links "keep smiling," as a character tonic. In this character is blended a really artistic temperament, for he is a *vrai musicien* and the violin is the melodious medium thru which he pours forth the language of his soul with touching expression. Though enterprise and leadership are the embodiment of his active personality, beneath his virile bearing beats a tender, sympathetic heart ever ready to respond to the needs of others. Is it any wonder that A.J.M. (he'll beam when you call him that way) with his lovable disposition has a host of cordial friends, and I may safely add some fair admirers. Despite all evidence to the contrary, if you are fortunate enough to come in contact with the inner man you will discover A.J.M. an idealist at heart in which the Utopian aspiration "per ardua ad astra" lingers and dwells.

As to his ambitions they have no matured expression as yet, but we are certain that they will eventually career towards commerce, and by the convincing manner in which he displayed his business talents as manager of the Forward, his future preeminence is assured.



By Ernest J. Breen

Sports Day.

A radiant sunrise greeted the jolly collegians who had assembled early on the Y. C. & A. C. turf on May 31st to partake in the grand event of the Annual Field Day. With quite a number of interested spectators, the program proceeded splendidly under the management of Mr. Germain. The boys donned their spikes with great anticipation of winning the handsome prizes offered on the occasion. The afternoon program was the usual gymkhana. The successful day concluded with the distribution of the prizes.

Empire Day.

The 24th of May dawned with drizzling rain, and the sky showed no prospect of changing for the better. The athletic events scheduled for the day were postponed to the 3rd of June. This day turned out to be in sharp contrast with the 24th, and although the afternoon sky became quite overcast, the races were conducted to the satisfaction of both participants and spectators. The 75 yard dash, both for boys and

girls, the egg and spoon, the obstacle race, and the sack race,—all these events were reeled off with a clock-like regularity. Then came the distribution of the prizes, the critical moment for the successful contestants who so eagerly awaited this critical moment of the day.

Ascension Day.

This day was made a holiday by the Director to celebrate the great feast which the title recalls. Nothing special was assigned for the day except that the religious service was celebrated. Nevertheless the occasion for yet another day off from the routine of school work was eagerly welcomed by the pupils.

Director's Day.

On the 23rd of June the College celebrated the name-day of our Director. The ceremony consisted of a complimentary address, delivered by Ernest Breen, and the reply from Mr. Gaschy. The entertainment included two comedies and an extract from "King Arthur" performed by the school stage-stars. Harmonious

songs executed by the student body gilded the conclusion of the performance. A rich school flag was presented to Mr. J. B. Gaschy by "Bob" Cooke representing the student body.

How warmly this idea was approved is evidenced by Mr. Birnie's typical comment: "My dear Frank,—This is an excellent idea. So I am enclosing ¥15.00 which is Five yen from you and Ten from myself. With much love to you and best regards to Mr. Gaschy.

Your affectionate Father,
(Signed) Leonard Birnie.

Choir Outing.

The 24th of June dawned to reveal a merry assemblage of singers and the long looked-for day commenced with a ride to Tsurumi Park. A continuous stream of amusements, of every imaginable means of locomotion entertained them thruout their stay. Their rallying spirit was also furnished by the abundant supply of delicacies. An operetta in the afternoon provided a respite for the weary limbs and over-excited nerves.

A delightful trip ended a delightful day; the picnic was pronounced a booming success.



SKETCHING IN THE SHADE OF A SHINTO SHRINE

FRENCH LECTURES

Profiting by the kind invitation of the Alliance Française, the Senior French students were afforded rare opportunities to familiarize themselves with the diplomatic language by two instructive lectures. The first meeting commenced with an eloquent speech by M. Gentil of the French Embassy of Tokyo, introducing M. Sylvain Lévi of the Maison Française, whose researches in theosophy have won him enviable distinction. M. Sylvain Lévi then gave the audience a very thorough and comprehensive idea of a pagan race hidden away among the Tibetan plateaux. The stereopticon projected pretty scenes of temples and grotesque idols, while the scholarly comments of M. Lévi were a source of unfailing interest.

On the second occasion it was M. de Bellefon of the Yokohama French

Consulate who spoke the opening words, presenting M. Auboin and M. Dumas the lecturers, to M. R. de Billy the new French Ambassador to Japan. M. Auboin who is a past-master in Japanese Art and Poetry, then delivered an excellent lecture on that topic. This over, the last word in Chromatic slides was flashed across the screen. This exquisite collection of Japan's world-famed views in natural colors was the work of M. Dumas who in conjunction with M. Auboin traveled all over Japan to photograph them. Needless to say, the audience was deeply impressed, and fresh exclamations of delight arose with each successive slide, but when the grand old "torii" of Itsukushima reared its majestic silhouette above the twilight sea, loud applause burst forth. A concluding speech by the Ambassador ended the session.

A Visit to the Nipponophone Company

C. Mahlmann '28

Wednesday, June 1st, being a free day on account of the annual spring sports having taken place the day before, the Physical Science Class of St. Joseph College was invited, through the kindness of Mr. L. Gillingham, to make a general inspection tour of the Nipponophone Company's factory situated in the outlying suburbs of Tokyo. The day dawned far from fine but the boys, realizing that the chance was one not to be missed nor wasted, turned up promptly, seventeen strong accompanied by Mr. Jos. Janning and Lewis Gillingham Jr. Upon arriving at the Nip-

ponophone factory, the Senior and Junior classes divided into two groups, each of which was conducted through the various buildings by Mr. Hatta and Mr. Nakada, officials of the factory. We first passed through the cabinet department in which the casing of the gramophone was made; then entering another section we were shown how the steel disks and perforated wheels were cut out of the solid sheets of metal. This was followed by a close inspection of how the more delicate parts of the machine were constructed; i.e. screws, wires, etc. In the wing of the same build-

ing the various parts of the machine, so far completed, were put together, and the chassis of the gramophones were then taken back to the nickel plating bath, and finally to the wooden cases.

The next row of houses we inspected contained mostly the more essential part, i.e. the construction of records. The original wax plate is placed at first into a copper plating bath which effectively covers the matrix with a thin layer of copper, and which, when removed, is called the master, and contains an imprint just the opposite to that of the matrix. These masters are then brought to another godown, in which the heated mixture of materials which constitute

the body of the record, is made soft, and then the master being placed upon it, is vised in a circular press; when taken out the master is removed and the completed record is ready for use. After this we were escorted to the office in another building and here the whole class was treated to some beautiful selections on the new Orthophonic Victrola. The boys were greatly impressed by the beautiful music and genuine applause followed every piece. Thus our visit ended, with our very best thanks to Mr. Gillingham, through whose kindness we had been allowed to visit the plant, for this greatly helped to impress the chapter on the Gramophone, and in fact the whole subject of sound more clearly in our minds.

THE FORWARD ADVERTISING CLUB

The Forward Advertisement Club's dozen live wires can be rightly compared to the "Daily Dozen" round of exercises; just as the "Daily Dozen" builds up and strengthens the body so also does this energetic bunch of business men swell and beautify the pages of the Forward. The lineup as regards efficiency is as follows:

	Points
Albert Dresser	892
Clifford Price	444
Paul Fehlen	436
Fred Clarke	328
Vladimir Kulikoff	328
Ernest Breen	248
William Fehlen	248
James Henry... ..	232
Alexander Neary	200
Wai Dai Loo	184
John Burke	176
Joseph Da Silva	176

GET ACQUAINTED WITH

Mrs. Rose Collins and Mrs. Mary Boesch both of Dayton, who have taken an interest in beautifying our chapel.

Mr. Hans Schirmer of Kobe for his contribution of rare sea specimens to the museum.

Captain Mahlmann of Mikage who added a book of musical records to the start made along this line.

Mr. Max Papendieck thought of the photographic department in a very substantial way.

The Notre Dame Sisters of Okayama contributed books to the boys' library.

Mr. August Walter of Tokyo presented a set of the "Universal Knowledge" encyclopedia in twelve volumes.

Bro. Francis Hess of Chicago sent several books for the school library.

Mr. John Malinski of Dayton keeps on the contribution list by another gift to the laboratory.

Master Stuart Manley gave his juvenile library to Mr. Higli for the little boys.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Miller of Yokohama for their continued interest and assistance in the photographic department and chapel.

Rev. James McFadden of Cleveland who holds the interest of the College uppermost in his mind. His check of ¥900.00 is synonymous with devotion and sacrifice for the rebuilding of the St. Joseph College campus—a need that outcries every other pressing need.

Mr. Edward Budde of Louisville has started to supply a series of outdoor studies for the boy's library.



THE BUDDHA OF KANAKURA

Wither Bound ! ?



Some Colleges have big funds to meet their constant need of new books, new apparatus, and improvements. We haven't. We have more. Our friends write us and ask to assist in whatever way they can. A little here and a little there is sure to count in the long run.

BB KANAGAWAKEN CHAMPIONSHIP



Mr. S. Galstaun of Yokohama wants to see the boys of the College develop as all-round athletes. To help this idea along Mr. Galstaun presented to the College a beautiful silver cup and each year the winner of the highest number of points will have his name engraved upon it.

Mr. L. Gillingham of Yokohama has given the playground fund a boost.

Bro. Theodore Pluemer of Pittsburgh is a good friend of the laboratory. He is always willing and ready to help build up the installation of apparatus.

Mr. C. Holmes of Chicago thought of our needs in the laboratory and sent several items as extra baggage, in a recent shipment.

The **LATINEER** of Cleveland carried an article appealing for books to be sent to the S.J.C. Library.

Mr. Leonardo de Castro of Yokohama supplied the boys with a goodly round of fireworks to cap off the celebration of the Director's Day.





By A. DREYER

George Weed informed us of having been elected President of his Class, Chemical Seminar, and Sodality. All good things come in threes. George also worked himself up to be one of the reliable members of the football squad. The old S.J.C. spirit is in you, Pogy, and our heartiest congratulations.

David Daver on his recent visit to Tokyo called on his former teachers. His delight, in seeing the great progress of the school, was evident. The next time you call you will find still greater progress.

Victor Morgin showed his cheerful countenance to his old classmates and former teachers. Victor had a dangerous fall from the fourth floor of a burning building while serving on the fire brigade of the foreign settlement in Shanghai. He is taking up the same work in the Capital of Japan this year. We are here wishing you all possible success with no work to do. Address: No. 1, 3 chome Atagoshita-machi, Shibaku, Tokyo,

Eustace Truhin our old friend recently dropped into Japan representing his own prosperous fur business of Harbin. He spent only too short an hour with his old teachers and friends. His visit was such a pleasure that we are hoping to hear from him soon again.

Theodore Olsen is now in his native land, and lives in Oslo, Norway. He writes that he enjoyed a most pleasurable trip, owing to the great number of places he was able to visit. He passed thru South Africa and on to Marseilles. He made a lengthy stay in Paris and asserts it's some place. At home he is now taking a course in his mother tongue, and very busy. How is it over there Theodore? Hope you'll write very soon. Address: Majorstuen Hospits, Neuberggaten 31.

Olivier Guezennec hails his Alma Mater from the torrid clime of Konakry, Senegal, Africa which is just about ten degrees north of the Equator. Olivier is in the French

Government Colonial Service, which is by no means a sinecure; he is upholding the true S.J.C. spirit. He mentions in passing that it is quite a warm old place, and that he has a year of holiday to every two of work. He is happily at home with Mrs. and baby Guezennec.

F. U. Chimenz left the College prior to the Earthquake and has now graduated from the French Commercial High School and Short-hand Institute. Our jolly comrade would like to start correspondence with his former classmates. He is now attending the "Grand Lycee," but his home address reads: c/o Fioravanti & Chimenz, B.P. 68, Port-Said, Egypt.

Louis Suzor is very much alive and going, over in sunny France where he is a brilliant luminary on the football gridiron. Despite his everyday activities, soccer claims the lion's share of his leisure hours, and he figures prominently on the Touraine soccer squad. The date he writes, an exciting footer tournament was in progress and the daily *journal* carried heavy headlines of the results. The cutting he sends us, chronicles a detailed account of a run-away game between Touraine and Poitou, which the former took by five goals to nil. Needless to add Louis was a responsible factor in the victory. Good for you! His address is: Bel Air, Par Hommes, Indre-Et-Loire, France

L. S. Chernik after spending several years in banking, our friend, Chernyk, has decided to go to Paris to take up his studies for the medical

profession. Our wishes stand a thousand strong behind our former student. His present address is 1878 Bush St. San Francisco California.

Louis Horio who has been in America since the great catastrophe of 1923, has officially changed his name to Mr. Louis Nabholz. He is glad to have correspondence with his former schoolmates. His present address is, Mr. L. Nabholz c/o Robbin Co. Attobors Mass. U.S.A.

Joseph Miller our good friend recently found for himself a cozy little bungalow in San Francisco, where he is spending happy days with Mr. and Mrs. Miller, formerly of Yokohama.

Walter Helm after experiencing a year of business, here in Yokohama, will leave for the States in the near future, where he will pursue his studies along Commercial lines. Here is wishing him the brightest of futures.

Soichi Kawazoe who has rejoined his old classmate in "U" of Dayton is quickly familiarizing himself with Yankee customs. He has also shown his great working ability, and he is looked up to with great favor by his classmates. That's the spirit. Keep on going right up.

Samual Shaw of "U" of Dayton will return to Antung for the summer holidays. Lewis, his brother, who is at present in the second high will accompany him from Yokohama. China is a lively place to spend one's vacation these days.



The St. Joseph Eleven Winners Over Troilus in Soccer Fray

Four Members of the Football Squad Play Their Last Game for School

IMMEDIATELY from the start the Mariners got possession of the ball and following a flushing run scored a "beauty" within a minute. The home eleven lost no time and commenced their usual dashes. Al Dresser, on receiving a pass from R. Price, shot the first goal. Some minutes later a penalty against the sea farers resulted in a second tally.

The second half started with a break into the enemy's camp by a triangular movement of the forward

line which gave Kulikoff the chance to beat the Troilus custodian with a surprising shot. Shortly after the College increased the lead by two more goals, one by R. Price and the other by M. Ganin. The ship gathered its remaining strength and made a brilliant shot. Just before the final whistle the Blue and White flyers complimented the Troilus with a sporty goal.

Score: 6-to-2.

Referee: Mr. Potts

Yokohama Basket-Ball Club vs. St. Joseph College

THE newly chosen classy five try their strength.

A Dresser, J. Henry and V. Kulikoff, runners-up of the last year's quintet aided by W. Fehlen, F. Clarke, C. Price, F. Ganin, J. Burke, S. Takata and W. Dewitt make an exceptional speedy court combination.

The season was opened by overpowering the Yokohama Basket-Ball

Club, better known as "13". The teams battled on an even basis until the second half when the superior speed of the College cagers began to tell and they acquired a lead of 18 points. Capt. Dresser looped the most goals.

Score: 32-14

Referee: Mr. Hirota

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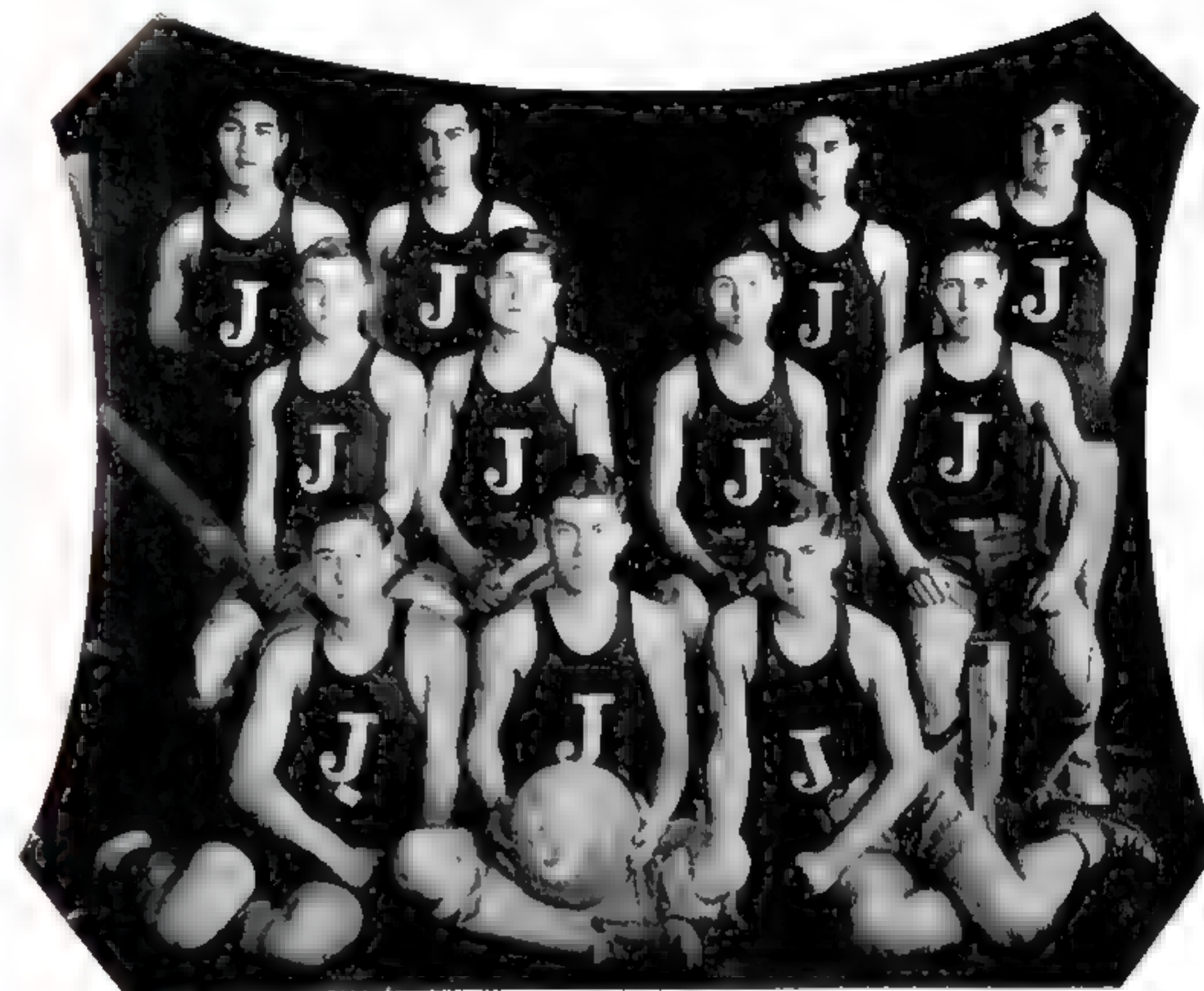
Julius Faber A.-G. - - - - "

Hugo Meyer & Co. - - - Goerlitz.

JULY, 1927

37

S. J. C. BASKETBALL TEAM



S. TAKATA,	E. BREEN,	J. HENRY,	V. KULIKOFF
F. CLARKE,	F. GANIN,	C. PRICE,	W. FEHLEN
J. BURKE,	A. DRESSER	Captain,	W. DEWITTE

Sanchu vs. St. Joseph College

THE Blue and White pill-tossers have little trouble in drowning Sanchu. Sanchu made no reply and from then on, the S. J. C. commanded the situation, looping almost at will, F. Ganin and E. Breen showed "good stuff" as guards.

Playing a strong brand of basketball, the blue clad loopers defeated the Sanchu five on the College court. Dewitt opened the scoring, following

Score: 42-0

Referee: Mr. Hirota

Jinchu vs. St. Joseph College

THE Blue and White Cagers overwhelmed the Jinchu quintet in two matches.

The first game was played on the Jinchu court. The offensive all-around plays of the Jinchu five featured the game. The Saints however, managed to hold the upper hand throughout. Al. Dresser and W. Fehlen combined nicely in front and accomplished a good deal of scoring.

In the second game Jinchu was outclassed from the beginning and only in a few brief instances did they display any flashes of class. Their fumbles were costly and the Blue cagers resolved to hand the worst beating they ever did.

Score: 35-15

Score: 84-2

Referee: Mr. Hirota

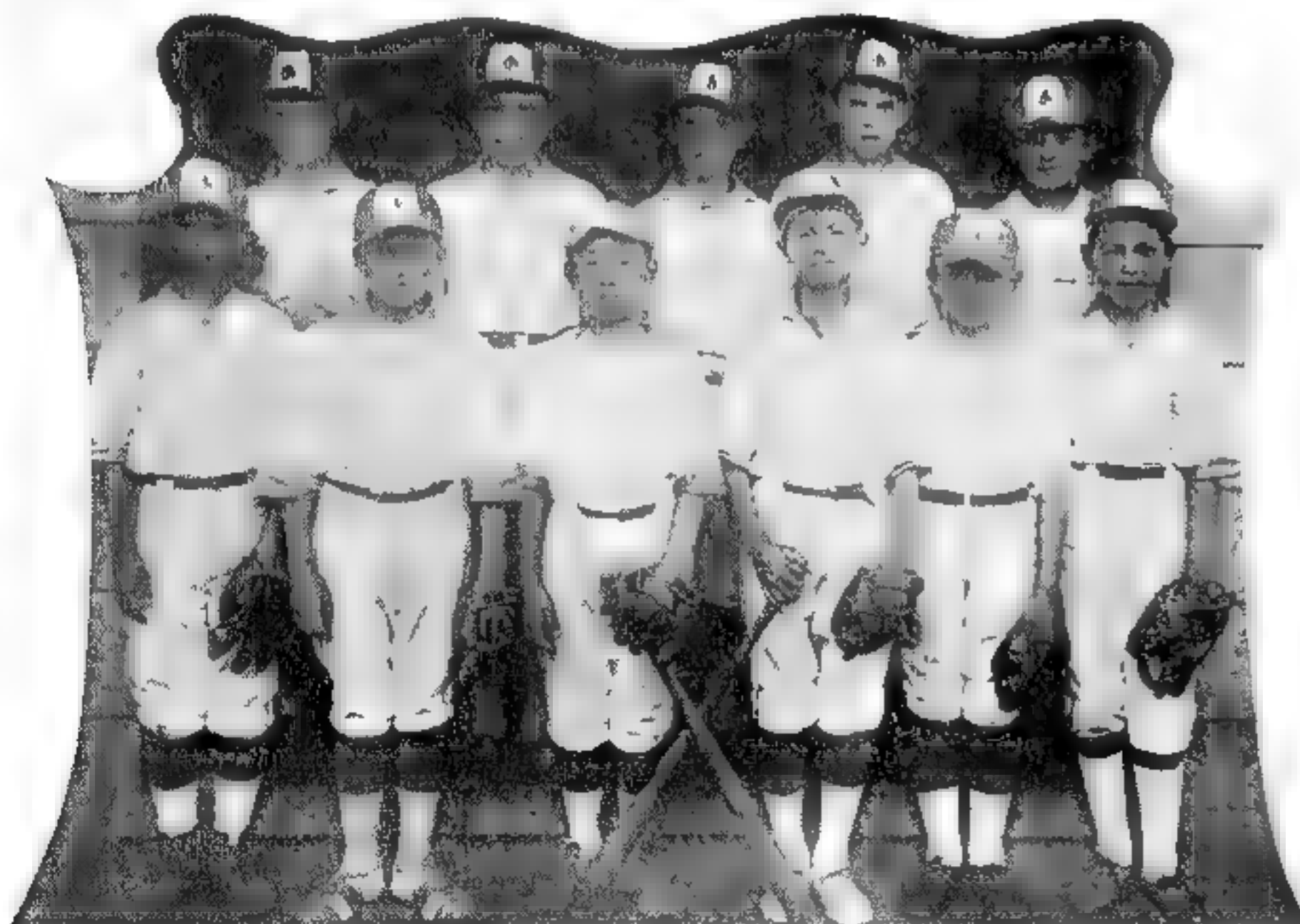
Kanto Gakuin vs. Saint Joseph College

MIDDLE School Champions fall before Blue basketeers. Led by a dashing guard J. Henry, the college attained a lead of 8 points in the first quarter. Close guarding enabled the home spheretossers to break thru the opponents' lines and run the results up to 19-2 in the first half.

The College outfought, outran threw the passes better than the Kanto Gakuin and earned a grand victory in a final score of 46-6.

Score: 46-6

Referee: Mr. Hirota.



FIRST MINIM TEAM

Kosho vs. St. Joseph College

THE Saints smashed their way to victory in a quick tilt. Brushing aside the opposition of the heavy Kosho five with irresistible attacks the Saints conquered another decisive match.

With wonderful short passes, lead by C. Price and S. Takata, the Blue

ghosts broke the barriers and rivaled the Kosho by an outstanding score of 34-3. J. Burke played well as a guard.

Score: 34-3

Referee: Mr. Hirota

Boarder's Basket-Ball Team

THE Boarders of St. Joseph College organized a basketball team under the capable captainship of Nick Didishko. A score of games played against the different Yokohama primary schools brought home the young basketeers victorious. The really hard and well-fought games were against the Sanchu quintet, in which the pensionnaires were defeated to the tune of 22-21 and 35-15 respectively.



MR. HIROTA
S. J. C. Coach

Our Potential Stars

THE "Arrow" soccer squad, the future champions of the College eleven, completed the season of 1927 with very satisfactory results. The games played stand as follows:

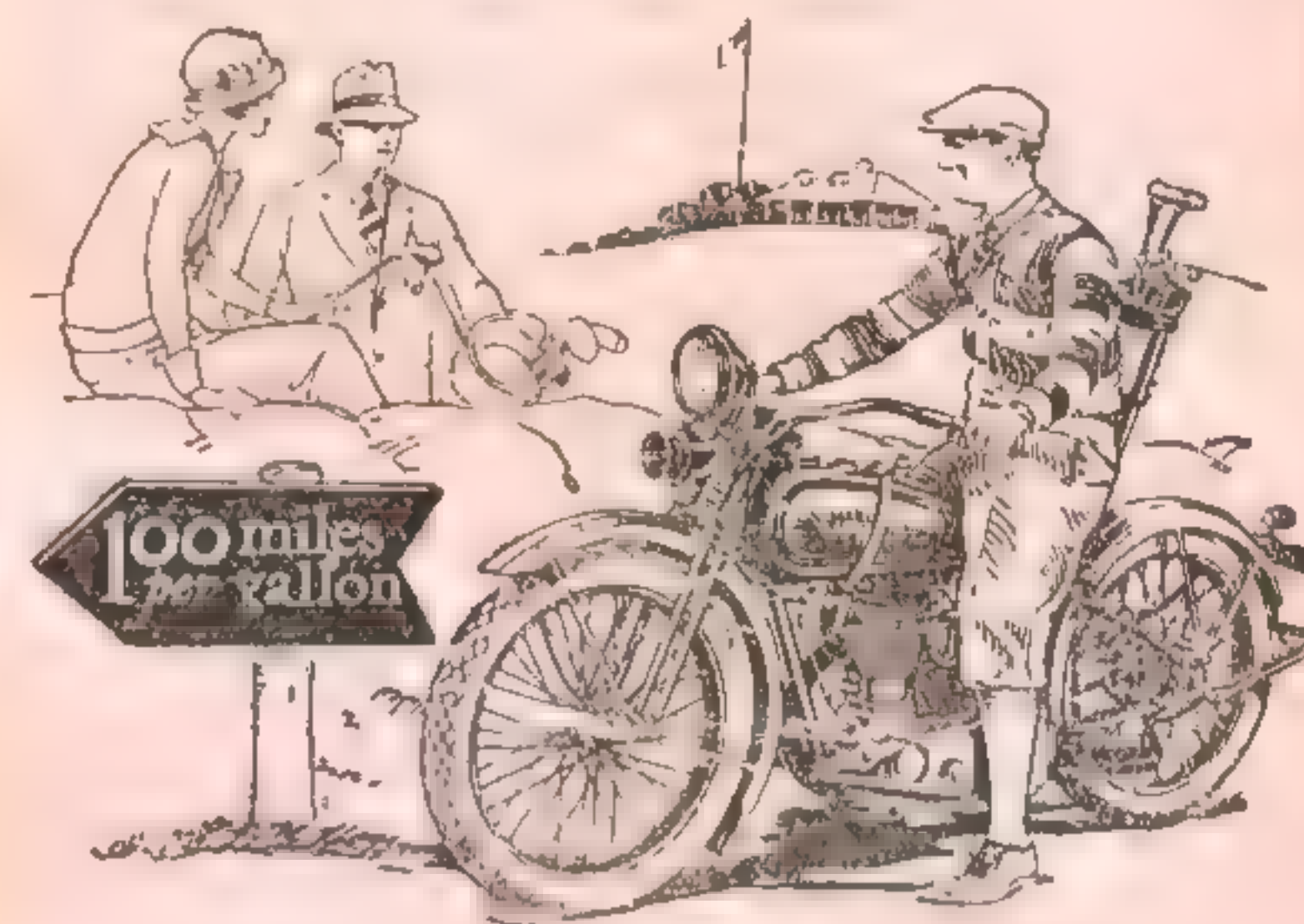
Arrow	5	Third Primary School	0
"			0	Second Primary School	0
"			3	Third Primary School	0
"			3	Kogio...	2
"			3	Third Primary School	0



MINIM ARROW TEAM

Minim Base-Ball Activities

A GOOD deal of work has been accomplished in the line of the diamond conflicts. The youthful pill swatters clashed bats with the neighbouring schools and put up a record of five games won to two lost. The average age of the youngsters is twelve, their leader is J. Vanchurin. That's our spirit! Keep it up!



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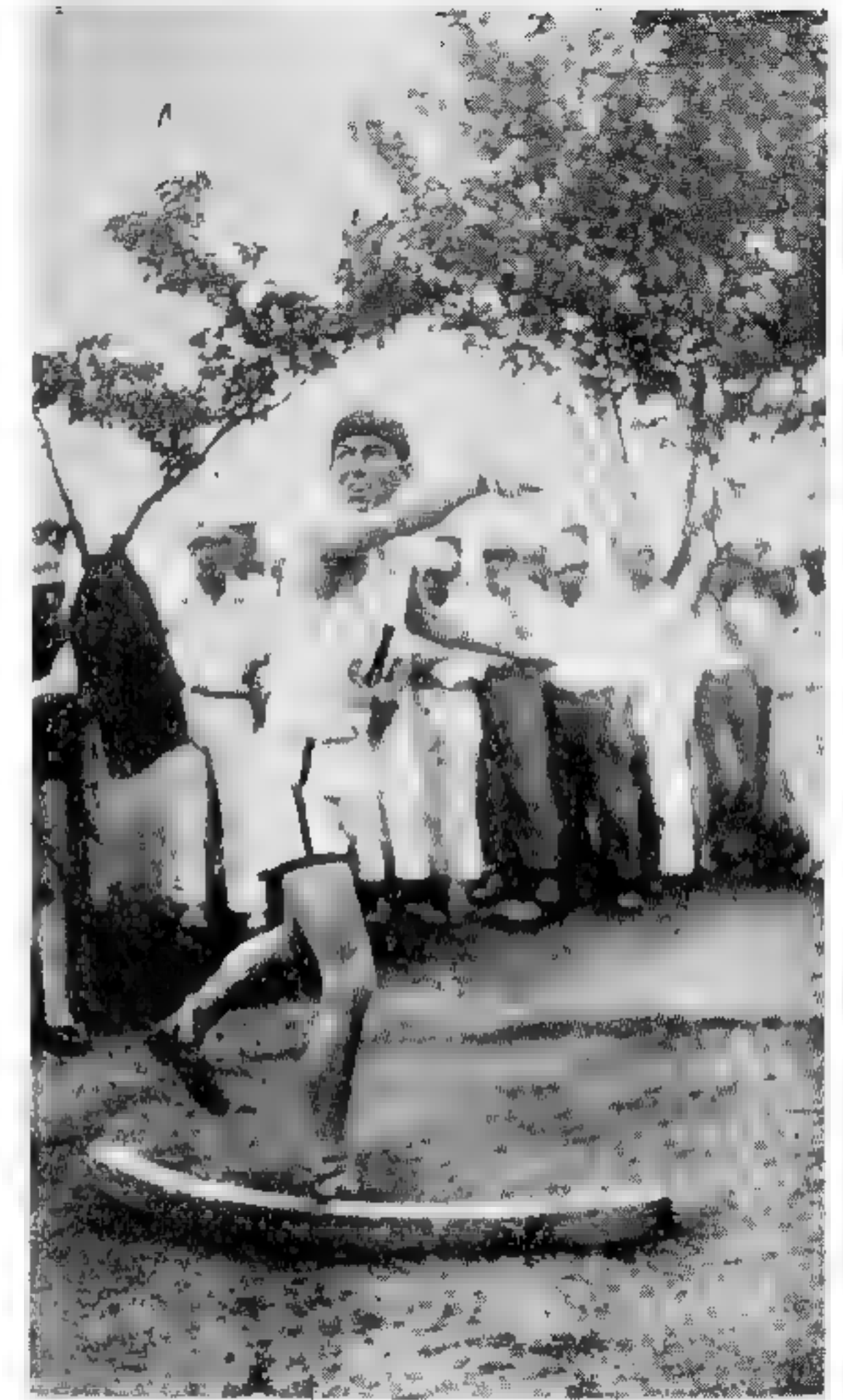
Telegrams: Hardavmocy
Tokyo.

Spring Sports

THE Spring Sports of 1927 were held under the presidency of Mr. J. B. Gaschy on the Y.C. & A.C. grounds. May 31 was a beautiful day, and successful, for three new records were established viz: Putting the Shot by A. Dresser with marking of 36 ft. 11 in., Hop, Step, and Jump by the same man landing 40 ft. 1 in. beyond the board. James Henry set the mile record at 4 min-51 second.

The Officers of the occasion were: Mr. Germain, Mr. C. T. Mayes, Mr. Eaton, Capt. A. G. Stevens, Mr. J. F. Janning, Mr. W. Abromitis, and Mr. E. Cotte. Mr. Hirota was the official starter for the running races. The committee in charge of the various events was composed of the members of the present senior class.

We take this opportunity to publicly thank the many friends who helped to make our Spring Sports a real success.



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BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

As we go to press the Kanagawa Championship Basketball Series is being run off. The results are:

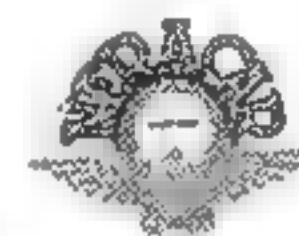
First Day							Second Day						
Nichu	32	Kosho	29
Kogiyo	18	Sanchu	15
Kanto Gakuin	28	Nichu B	16
Motomachi	11	Jinchu	27
B. O. B.	24	Mazda	32
Koko	28	Tokiwacho	18
A. A. A.	27	"13"	16
Y. M. C. A.	23	S. J. C.	34
Third Day							Fourth Day						
Nichu	22	Nichu	8
Kanto Gakuin	21	A. A. A.	38
Koko	13	Kosho	17
A. A. A.	46	S. J. C.	33
Kosho	24							
Jinchu	18							
							Finals						
Mazda	19	A. A. A.	41
S. J. C.	41	S. J. C.	38

The holder of the Championship Flag for 1926 and 1927 is the Alumni Athletic Association of St. Joseph College.

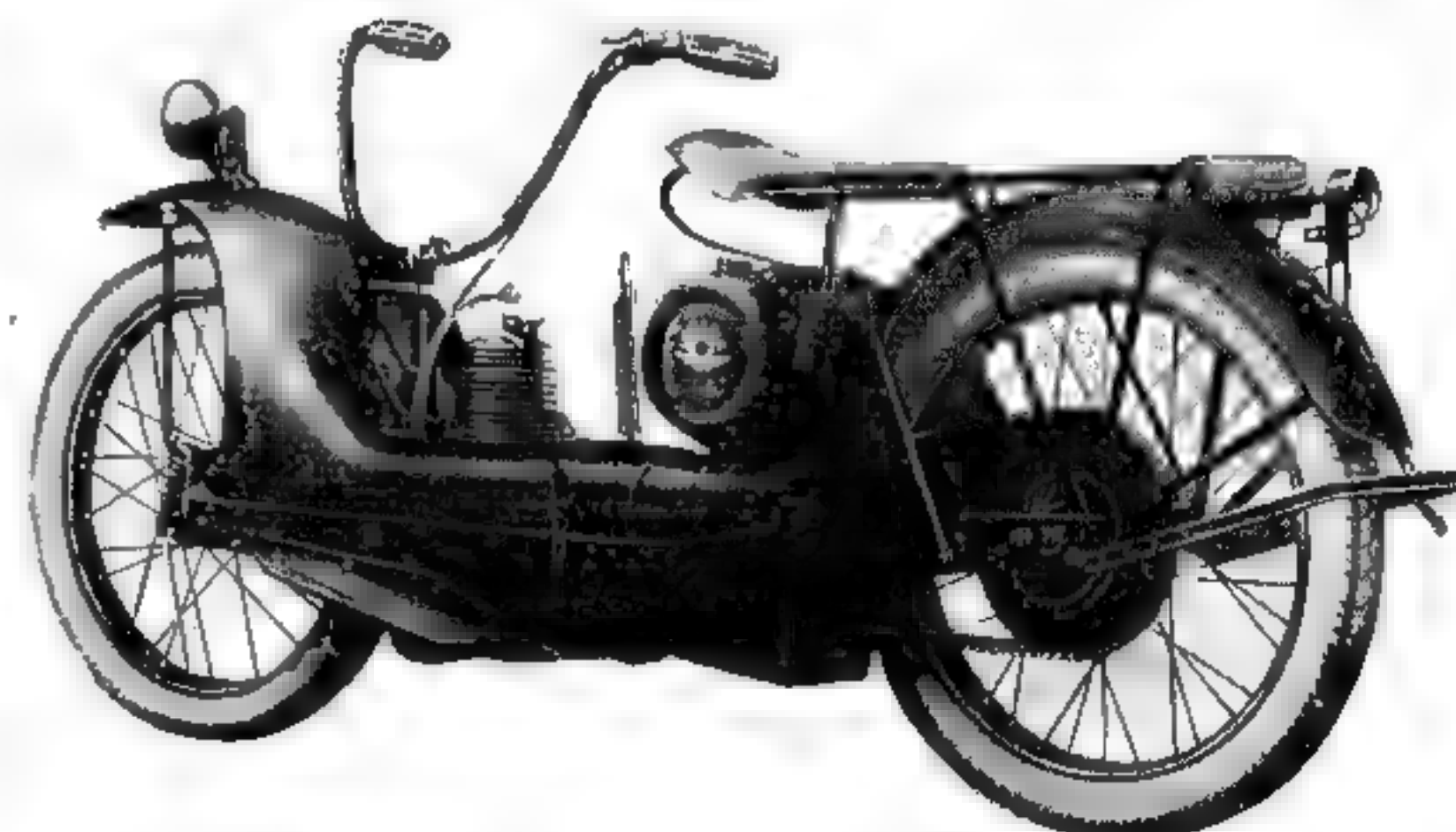


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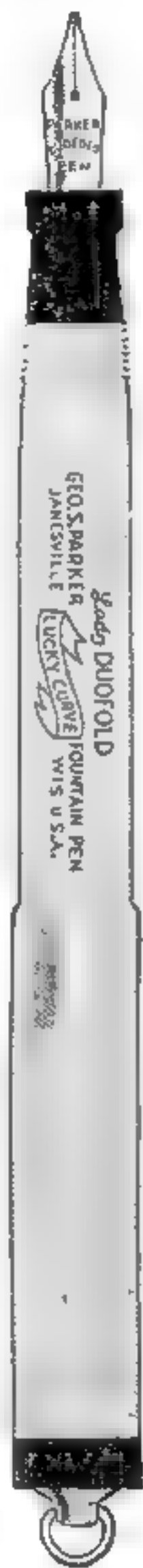
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JULY, 1927

43



By Wa Dai Loo

Teddie: "Papa, Mrs. Jones laughed at me when I read: 'This is a warm doughnut step on it.'"

Father: "Let me see your book," the father found these words: "This is a worm. Do not step on it."

Farmer: "You mustn't sell the hen this morning, wait till it lays the egg."

His Wife: "No, you aren't right, it would then weigh less."

Newcomer: (looking over a precipice) "I think people often cast themselves from here."

Old Timer: "No, only once."

Father: "Johnnie, can you form a sentence with the word seldom?"

Johnnie: "That's easy dad; this is what Johnnie formed: 'I have two chickens ma will sell dem.'"

Teacher: "How many seasons are there in a year?"

Student: "There are two sir, a football season and a basketball season."

Neighbor: "Mrs. Jones, I am sorry to inform you that your son has been arrested for joy riding."

Mrs. Jones: "Thank Heaven! Johnnie is safe in jail."

Medical Professor: "If a patient were blown into the air by an explosion what would you do?"

Medical Student: "Wait for him to come down."

Typist: "My heart is in my work."

Boss: "That's good. Now, how about getting your hands into it?"

"Suppose I forbid you to hit your donkey when it does you no harm, what kind of an act is that?"

"Oh, an act of brotherly love."

Almost a Walk-over

"Tell me, is there anything on earth that can overtake and pass that new yacht of yours?"
 "I should say there is."
 "What's that?"
 "It's running expenses."

Getting Over Difficulties

"No Willie," said the nurse, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"
 "Well," said the indomitable Willie, "I can sleep on my back, can't I?"

Partly Correct

Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'elocution,' Harry?"
 Pupil: "It's the way people are put to death in some countries."

American!

Returned Explorer: "Yes, the cold was so intense at the Pole we had to be careful not to pet our dogs."
 Miss Youngthing: "Indeed! Why was that?"
 Returned Explorer: "You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they

wagged them they would break off."

An Effective Reply

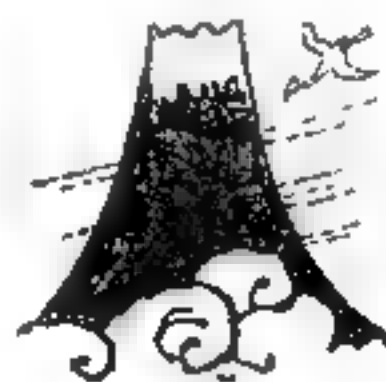
A man went into an hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription:
 "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred pounds weight. I will be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed:
 "This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."

The Non-plussed Teacher

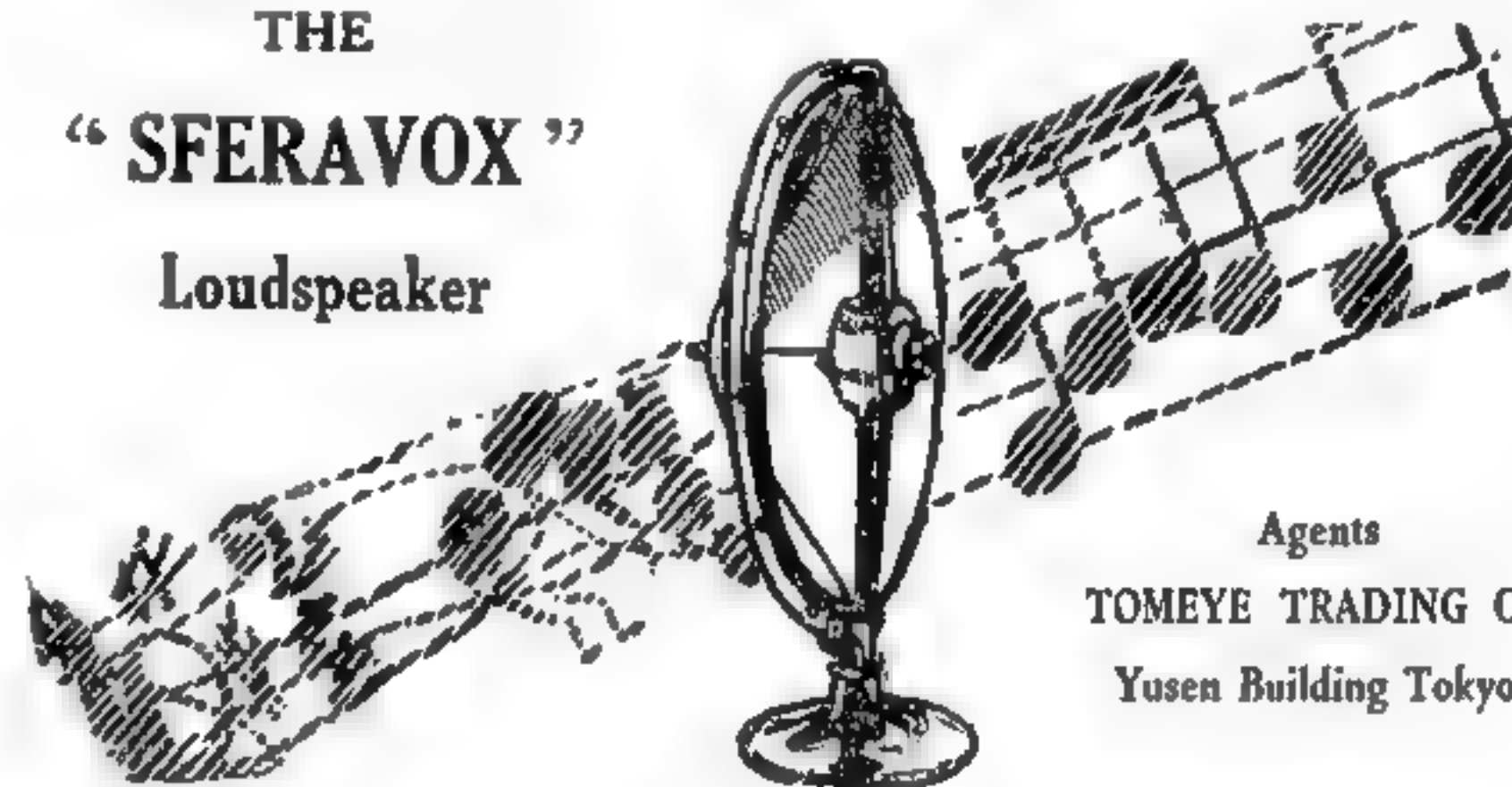
Teacher: "Well, Johnnie, what will you be when you grow up?"
 John: "A soldier."
 Teacher: "But you will be in danger of getting killed."
 John: "Who's going to kill me?"
 Teacher: "Why, the enemy."
 John: "Then I'll be the enemy."

Taken Literally.

Editor: "Have you ever read proofs?"
 Job-seeker: "No; who wrote it?"



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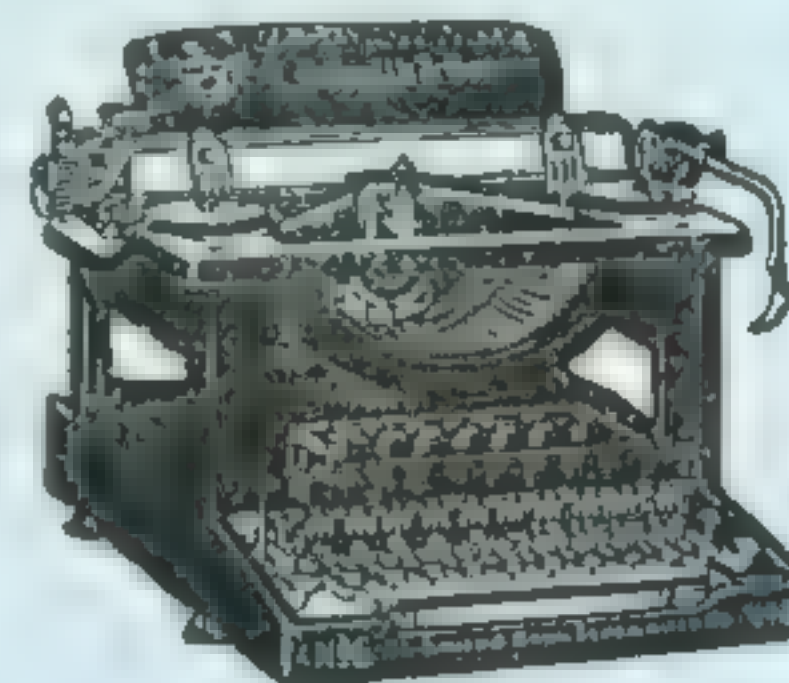
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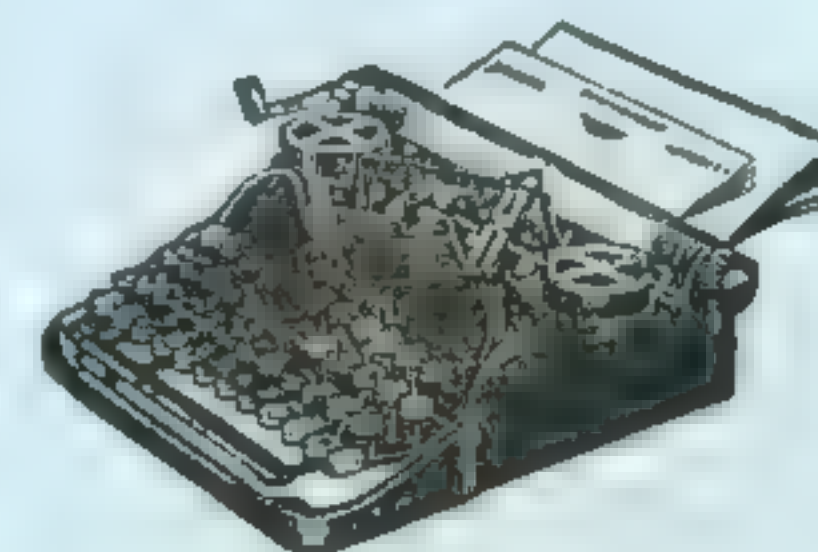
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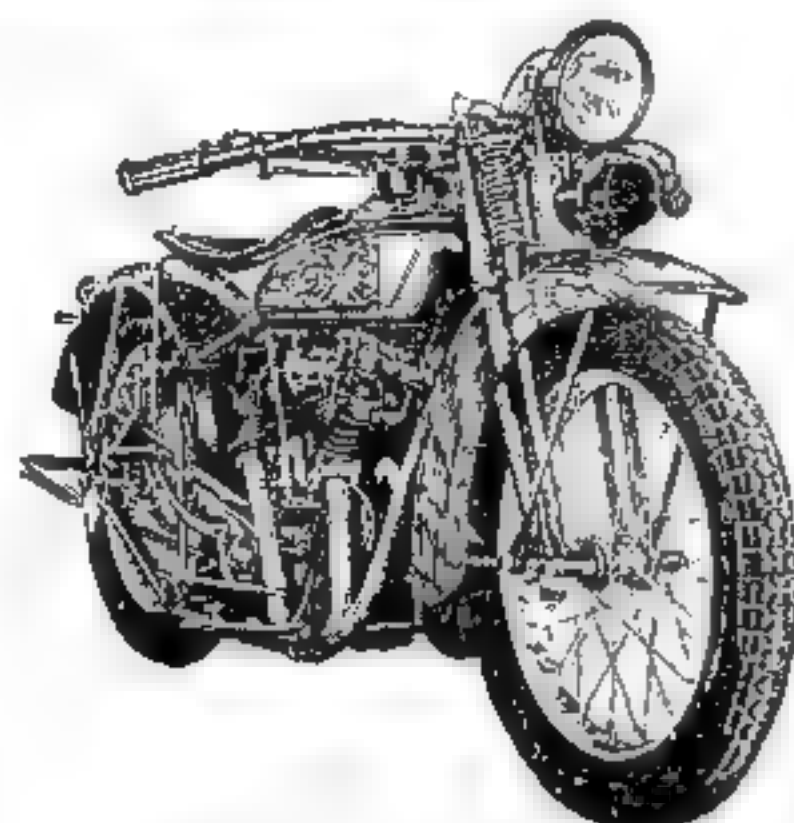
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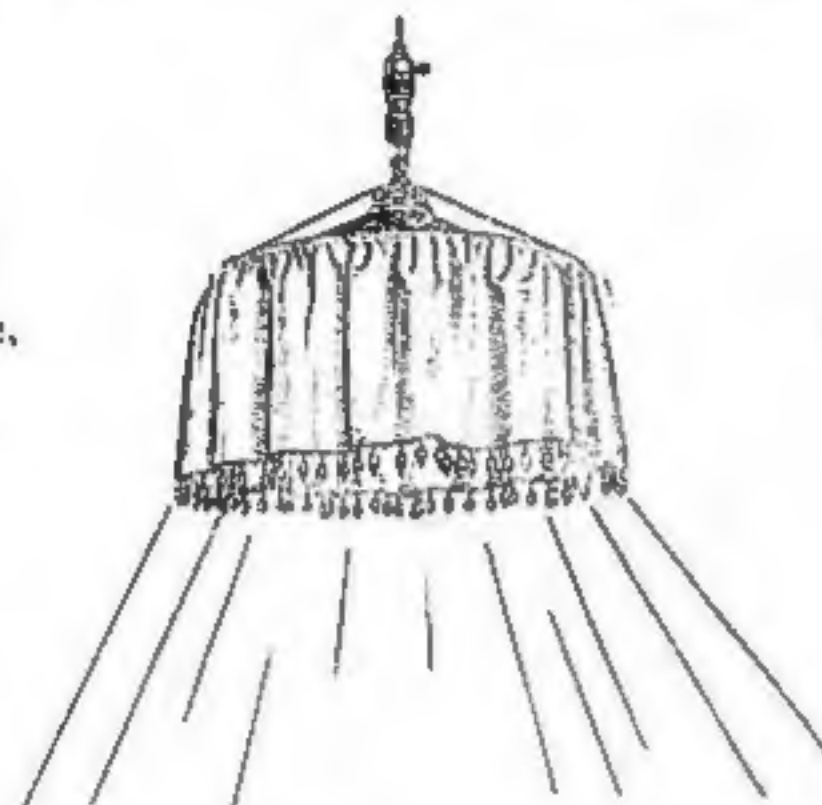
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